

BE READY FOR NEXT ZEPP. RAID

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page iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

VOL XXI No 666 SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917. ONE PENNY.
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

929453

For meaning of this
number see p. iii of cover.



Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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from the food you eat all the
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for Seed, and is unable to book any
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Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the
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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:

Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 566.

Week ending Saturday, April 7th, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Watch Spain—

As well as Berlin. The Russian earthquake is reverberating through Europe.

Bonus Bonds.

Yes, they are coming—and, of course, we shall get no credit for the idea. But we will show the Government how easily it can be done. More next week.

Those Traitor Princes.

We told you there was trickery going on. Now the House of Lords Committee, to whom the Bill is referred, is adjourned till the end of April, "owing to the illness of the Chairman"! Who says there is no "Hidden Hand"?

"Reprisals."

When are *they* coming?—after the Traitor Princes have been got rid of? In the meantime, hospital ships may sink.

Glorious Beer.

The Rev. S. W. Hughes—Dr. Clifford's successor—thinks the country would make better progress if Lord Northcliffe, the Beer, and ourselves were "got rid of." But neither of us drinks beer!

"The Incredible Apparition."

Thus the *Evening News* heads the report of an inquest on an inmate of the Hackney Infirmary, one of whose delusions was that "she saw Mr. Bottomley walking on the ceiling." Now, if the dear old thing had said "hanging" from the ceiling!

Sunday and "Taters."

So some of the religious bodies object to the edict of the Archbishop, permitting the planting of "taters" on Sunday. Personally, we could plant them with as clear a conscience as we eat them.

Monday Papers.

Why don't these Sabbatarians refuse to read the Monday morning papers, all prepared on Sunday; and, for that matter, why drink milk with Monday's breakfast—taken from the cow on Sunday?

Appropriated.

The Army Appropriation Account for 1915-16 contains an item of "losses consequent on theft, arson, fraud, or otherwise," and the total amounts to £280,758. "Appropriation Account"—the document seems to be happily christened.

A Suggestion.

At one of the London theatres a play called "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" is being performed. A cynical reader asks: "Why not have named it simply, 'The Happy Marriage'?"

"National Importance."

Apropos of the constant nagging on the part of certain M.P.s about the continuance, on a very limited scale, of racing, may we suggest that the preservation of the thoroughbred is of both national and parliamentary importance?

Cromwell's Gee-Gees.

By the way, is it news to you that Oliver Cromwell kept a large stud of race-horses, his best known animal being White Turk, a breed now extinct!

That "Holey" Blockade.

The Prize Court holds that typewriters are not "instruments of war," and has released eighty cases of them destined for Germany. The fact that 4,000 of these useful machines are at work behind our firing line is a mere detail; the enemy, of course, makes use of lead pencils. No wonder the Huns laugh at us.

The Kaiser and the Lawyers.

There are some things they *don't* do better in France. A French nobleman, who recently billeted the Kaiser in his chateau in the North of France, tells us that in the course of conversation the Hun Chief remarked, "The French are an admirable nation, but what a pity they are governed by lawyers." Still, they can fight!

A Sad Pleasure.

The other evening we experienced a wonderful combination of emotions when, as the guest of Sir Arthur Pearson, we dined with the blinded officers in their quarters in Portland Place—a kind of adjunct of St. Dunstan's. It was a remarkable function, and will live in our memory so long as life endures. Glorious fellows—and what a worm we felt in their company!

A Mystery.

In a recent paragraph, apropos of an attack upon us in the *United Methodist*, we asked, "By the way, are Methodists united?" And now the Rev. G. H. Turner, a well-known Methodist Minister, writes: "Where *do* you get your information from—you must have double sight?" and adds, "No, they are *not* united"—which is what we meant.

The "John Bull" Pen is practically a Gift. See Coupon, page 14.

Stop It!

Cannot some effective steps be taken to put the big hat on the cranks who distribute to troops going abroad offensive tracts and cards in the guise of religious literature? "Dying for your Country in Battle will Not Save Your Soul; but Looking unto the Lord Jesus Christ Will Save Your Soul. E.P.L." A member of his Majesty's forces complains that he had this card thrust into his hands by a person who is about the transports daily, and we are under the impression that it has come our way before.

A Just Demand.

At a recent meeting of the Lancashire Asylums Board, Sir William Scott Barrett drew attention to the scandalous decision of the naval and military authorities that soldiers and sailors "wounded in their minds" should be "struck off the Army and Navy lists and treated as paupers." We understand that a deputation from the Board will shortly wait upon the authorities in London, in the hope of procuring more humane treatment for the mental victims of the war. We need hardly say that the movement has out deepest sympathy.

Dublin Rebel Shops.

The state of things in Ireland to-day is sufficiently indicated by the fact that there are at least ninety shops in Dublin openly selling Germhun and Rebel literature and photographs. We are asked to publish a list of these shops, but the effect of that would be to advertise them. The civil and military authorities alike must be well aware of the literary treason regularly purveyed around them. If they do not interfere, it must be because they have also come to the Birrell point of view—that it is safer to leave things alone. It is all very sad.

Power of the Landlord.

If this kind of thing is not illegal, it should be made so: Six cottagers in a provincial township had each a garden behind his house—three or four hundred yards of ground which they had tended and cultivated carefully for several years, spending money on manure and fertilisers. Just as the gardening season commenced, when most was dug up, the landlord informed them that the top half of the six gardens "had been sold to a gentleman." If they do not like it, they must lump it, and get another cottage. Such oppression ought to be impossible.

All for a Penny.

A man busy serving his country in the lively waters of the Mediterranean might be spared such a silly worry as this, from the G.P.O. at Malta:—"I beg to inform you that a letter addressed to you has been received at this office, which cannot be forwarded until the postage of id. is paid." The sending of that absurd notification occupied the space that might have been filled by the letter held back. Instead, there was a week's delay, some irritation, and the travels of one whole penny, all to placate some punctilious postmaster's precise reading of official routine.

Premium Bonds and Unco Guid.

With rumours in the air of coming Premium War Bonds, the unco guid in the House of Commons are already astir. They have asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer to receive a deputation of protest, with the Liberal Member for Radcliffe, Mr. T. C. Taylor, at the head thereof. If a man is willing to forgo a certain portion of market interest on his investment for the chance of winning a prize in a "draw," what moral hurt, one wonders, can he possibly do to himself or anybody else? That he will do the State considerable financial good there can be no possible doubt whatever.

Flowers for the Foo.

"The Wife of a Prisoner" thinks it is "scandalous to waste a large market garden at the Camp, Gainsboro" Road, Hackney Wick, for the pleasure of a flower garden to satisfy the whims of the Germhun prisoners of war interned there, when it has produced £300 a year under vegetables." Scandalous, of course, but characteristic. In this country we are always kind to Germhuns.

Joseph and Dan.

Visitors to a concert at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, suffered a severe shock recently. There was a little slip folded into their programmes, and printed thereon was this startling intimation:—"Mr. Dan Godfrey begs to announce that Mr. Joseph Holbrooke declines to play to-day, at this Concert, because his name is not announced on the bills in large enough type." Joseph and Dan should have settled this little matter between themselves.

The Drifter Men.

The drifter men cannot be expected to approve of the occasional excursions to our coasts made by German war-ships. Themselves practically defenceless, their protector in time of attack is sometimes an old torpedo-boat too slow to be of service. Once, after a raid on drifters, the country was assured it would not happen again. But it has happened again—and more than once. "Are we," they ask, "just the cheese in the mouse-trap?" The cheese is not in an enviable position, especially when the trap is out of order.

The Dark Forces.

Just a little item of South African information: There was recently a largely-attended "demonstration" around the grave of the traitor Beyers, the principal orator being a Professor Fremantle, who stated that in South Africa the British had "mostly done nothing but wrong . . . and the only surprise was that the late rebellion had not assumed greater proportions." Another speaker roundly asserted that "the seventeen years of British rule in South Africa was seventeen years too much." No wonder Botha doesn't care to leave the helm.

Ministers as Teachers.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain asked ministers of religion to offer themselves as teachers in elementary schools, willing ones to register at Labour Exchanges. One ready minister went off to the Exchange, to be told that they did not register "part-time" offers, and had nothing to do with school teaching. The local Education authority said that ministers' offers were being refused, pending a lead from the Board of Education. And the County authority capped all by pointing out that, according to the Code, no minister can be recognised as part of the staff of a school! The minister is wondering what he is to do next.

War Strikes.

A soldier, who has been doing his bit through the war, wants to know why the Government allow strikes to take place at home at such a time as this—at Barrow-in-Furness, for instance. "Why don't they make the men serving in the engineering shops and munitions works take the oath to serve the country as soldiers have to do, and put strikers into the Army?" Because that would mean "industrial conscription," which the temper of the workers is at present against. The truth is, these war strikes could have been avoided if there had not been some fool or another at the bottom of them. Greedy, tyrannical employers and tactless, muddlesome officials are more often to blame than the men. That said, striking at such a time is anti-patriotic and helps the Germhuns to win the war.

You cannot afford to neglect to sign Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii. of Cover.

We Don't Think.

It was stated in 1913, we are reminded by a correspondent, that the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Luise, "is still regarded as a possible Queen of England," and that an alliance with the Prince of Wales would realise "one of the Emperor William's greatest ambitions"! Thank God, 1914 put an end to that Hunnish dream, and saved our Prince from a hideous union.

A Scurvy Reward.

Some employers are evidently not playing the game in regard to the postponed holidays. We actually hear of one case in which an employee, with 29 years' service to his credit, was summarily dismissed for his temerity in demanding two days' leave in place of last year's Bank Holidays. If we hear any more of this sort of thing, we shall have something sharp and strong to say.

"The Man Behind the Gun."

Perhaps another little story on this subject may not be wasted: "The gunners received orders to stand by their gun one night, as it was reported a German submarine was in the vicinity. On examining the gun it was found to be out of order, and neither of them could repair it. Luckily, the submarine did not come in their course. They could not have fired a shot." We will let it go at that.

A Joint that is "Off."

Here is another of those unnatural advertisements, from a Scottish newspaper this time:—"Annan Girls' Patriotic Club. A caretaker is required for the above. No children." What have the girls of Annan to say to that—the "patriotic" girls? Really, we feel sure they would not object should their caretaker be lucky enough to own a chubby child or two. If the little ones trespassed into the Club, we guess the girls would just love them. But, says the stern "Hon. Joint Secy."—a spinster—"No children"! We do not fancy that joint.

Watchwords of David.

One of our readers in Calgary, Canada, sends us the cutting from the *Morning Albertan*, in which an advertiser, after setting forth that "System and Economy are the Watchwords of David Lloyd George," states that "when you require an undertaker there is true economy in calling us"—proceeding: "For 150 dollars we will furnish a beautiful half couch casket, covered with various colours of embossed plush, lined with very best liberty satin and pillow to match, extension bar handles, solid oak outside receiving shell, embalming remains, burial permit and death notices, grave, motor hearse, and two carriages." It does seem a cheap line, certainly, considering the luxurious quality of the goods.

Two Months Well Earned.

The Worcester Magistrates have made a very admirable exhibition of James William Sheasby, a coal dealer, of Gregory's Mill. Sheasby is one of those mean, contemptible creatures who live by robbing the poor. "Three women ordered from him half-a-hundredweight of coal and received short weight—14½ lbs., 13½ lbs., and 14½ lbs., respectively." That is the sort of plundering which is going on in hundreds of back streets throughout the country, as if life were not sufficiently hard for the poor already. It is not easy to run to earth men of the type, for all that. When they are discovered, justice is best served by dealing with them severely. The Magistrates sent Sheasby to gaol for two months. Even if they had put another month on the sentence we should have said that the punishment was well merited.

"Mesopotamia Day."

Friday of next week—the 13th—is the date. Rally round Miss Stella Maude—the daughter of the hero of Bagdad—who is organising the day. If ever warriors deserved comforts, surely these do.

Paradoxical.

The speaker at a "peace by negotiation" meeting on Clapham Common narrowly escaped being thrown into the pond, and another of the same fraternity was pelted with clods. That is the irony of these so-called "peace" merchants—they always cause strife. They should be bound over to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's loyal lieges!

Massacred!

The workers must not overlook these words, spoken by Lord Newton in the House of Lords:—"Thousands of our men had been missing at the Dardanelles, and it must be presumed that the great majority had been massacred." Yet the Turk is said to be a gentlemanly fighter compared with the German. But—well, read those words over again. And who would dare say "Strike"—except at the foul foe?

Scrooge.

Some disgustingly mean person advertises in a Manchester newspaper for a "Man, elderly, for light and easy office duties; 9s. per week." It is an obvious attempt to catch some poor devil with a small pension, and to make him a subservient slave to a miserly employer, while the country pays the major portion of the captive's wages. At a hazard, we should guess the shameful proposal emanates from the spider's-web of a moneylender.

Welsh, the Welsher.

Potato growers are warned against dealings with a man named Welsh, sometimes trading as Hedley, Welsh and Co., at differing addresses in Newcastle, or elsewhere. His method is to advertise seed potatoes at tempting prices, "cash with order." Let nobody send him a penny, for it is putting it mildly to say that he is "not able to fulfil his obligations." Anybody who has, unfortunately, been "Welshed" should communicate with the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, Manor Place, Sunderland. Other purchasers, please deal with a firm you know.

A Plea for Mercy.

We are loth to interfere in the affairs of a self-governing Dominion, but it is with a shock that we have learned that a lad of 16 has been sentenced to death for murder in Manitoba, and, unless a reprieve is obtained, will be hanged on May 15th. We strongly suggest that the capital sentence should be respited. On the facts of the case, a merciful course seems to be more than justified—while regard should also be had to the fact that the lad was a member of the first Canadian Expeditionary Force, in which his father is said still to be serving. Perhaps some Canadian journal will take the matter up.

Domestic Help.

Sir Richard Winfrey, of Peterborough, is a man of noble sentiments, and does not mind saying so. Notice the way he spoke out at a public meeting:—"It was upon his conscience that he had more domestic help than was really needed. Why should they not make their own beds in the morning? He should not mind if his bed was not made. Domestic help should be cut down to the very lowest minimum." Plain speaking, that, and open confession. But the effect is spoiled by an advertisement on the same page of the newspaper reporting those glowing words:—"Wanted, Cook.—Apply to Lady Winfrey," etc. Something clashes, somehow, somewhere.

Do you want £200? If so, see page 20.

Welcoming the Objects.

Conscientious Objects from Princetown paid a Saturday half-holiday visit to Tavistock. The old Devon town surprised them by the way it expressed its feelings; they are not likely to seek another reception so warm. Some of the Objects entered a restaurant, and a crowd of soldiers, women, and children quickly gathered, crying, "Put the khaki on!" "Join up!" and "Shirkers!" On the advice of the police, the Objects were shown the door, and the women gave them a rough welcome outside. For nearly two miles they were escorted homewards, all kinds of missiles being thrown to speed them on their way. And they lingered not.

The Slings of Sam.

Sir Sam Hughes, the late Canadian War Minister, has been letting himself go in regard to the alleged grievances of the Canadian soldiers quartered in this country, complaining that some of the wounded were sent to hospitals "where they were looked after by dear little creatures, hand-holders and brow-rubbers, with five or six weeks' experience." For Sir Sam's stories of the incompetence of the nurses we should like chapter and verse, although that many of them are "dear little creatures" we should be the very last to deny.

According to Cavendish.

Two ladies, who contemplated putting in a few months on the land, got into communication with a farmer of Cavendish, Suffolk. He offered an empty house to start with, and said, "I admit it is 'cold' this weather." And then, on March 6th, he opened out into a confession of what he really would like. "A near neighbour had four ladies who gave their services and kept themselves, and got his harvest in well. They also furnished their own apartments. Do you know any of that sort? That is what I call real 'patriotism.' I have plenty of work if they are of any use." How's that for stone-cold cheek?

Nothing Like It.

Leather, of course. There is nothing like it, though the hammer beats it. Well, the tanner supplying leather to a leather-seller for sale, by permit, to an army shoemaker, is bound to supply the article at 2s. 4d. per lb. For ordinary leather, such as we wear, dear reader, which may be of decidedly inferior quality (and usually is so) the tanner may charge as much as he likes—or can get. 3s. 10d. per lb. is one of his wholesale prices for our goods—probably because Governmental "control" is not always for the benefit of the public.

A Shocking Allegation.

A bright little journal is *Khaki Opinion*—"A Soldiers' Magazine Circulated throughout the Bombay Presidency"—in the current issue of which we notice the disquieting statement that at Poona, which is now full of soldiers from all parts of India, "the thing which strikes the observer after a few weeks' sojourn is the disdainful attitude of the civilian population." Assuming the justice of the aspersion, may we ask to what nationality these civilians belong that they should venture to turn up their noses at the men upon whose vigilance their very lives depend? The natives—from the highest to the lowest—have, as a class, rallied gallantly to the flag.

Does your Wife want that Fur Coat? If so, get her "Everywoman's."

A Shilling a Pint.

Beer is to be a shilling a pint this week. It is not a refreshment to which this deponent is addicted; but those who can afford to quench their thirst with it will now understand what Mr. Lloyd George meant when he proclaimed that "for every half-pint a man drinks he will be contributing to carry on the war."

Potatoes, Police and Poplar.

About fifteen men at Poplar police station have taken up allotments, but for some reason or other a Sub-divisional Inspector has reported against any facilities being given to the men to cultivate their patches. The day-duty rounds are two of four hours each. As the ground is at Millwall, two miles away, the men have to walk the distance after every four-hour turn. This takes up practically an hour out and home. The men therefore requested that they should be allowed to perform their whole eight hours duty at a stretch—from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., or from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. Why should this concession be refused? Surely the Commissioner of Police has been misled in some way.

A Chance for Patriots.

The offer of service of the Motor Transport Volunteers—on behalf of whose funds we had the honour of addressing a great and distinguished audience at the Alhambra the other day—has now been accepted by the Army Council, and the Corps will in future be known as the 1st Squadron City of London Motor Volunteer Corps. During the first year of its existence it conveyed across London at night no fewer than 160,000 troops on leave. The Corps—which owed its inception to Sir John Lister Kaye, its Honorary President, and Mr. C. R. Freemantle, its Commandant—is open to recruits, those with cars or motor cycles, and especially motor vans or lorries, being particularly desired. All information regarding the Corps can be obtained on application to the Headquarters, 31, Walbrook, E.C. 4.

MAY 1ST.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

On and after May 1st, by Board of Trade Order, no Newspapers or Periodicals can be supplied to the Trade "on sale or return."

The date being fixed, readers are, therefore, again urged very strongly not to delay, but to place a definite order for JOHN BULL with a Newsagent or Bookstall Manager, to ensure their copy being reserved for them each week.

An order form will be found on page 19.

A "Crabby" Crammer.

Whole rivers of rubbish are still being talked over Tommy's thimbleful of rum. Thus the Rev. Stewart Crabb, of the United Free Church, Cupar, Fife: "Our young men are being ruined at the Front with the rum ration. We are spending £9,000,000 on drink and betraying the Army with it." Think of it—the truth being, of course, that Tommy sometimes finds it rather hard to get his rum ration at all; but when he does get it, it does him a powerful sight of good, and no possible harm whatever. If we are "ruined," it will be by the sloppy sentimentality of persons of this "crabby" type.

Greece's "Blockade."

Greece has recently dropped out of the picture so completely that we had begun to think Tino was finally settled with. Lord Robert Cecil, in the House of Commons, refreshes our memory. "Steps," he says, "have been taken to introduce under strict supervision a certain quantity of foodstuffs into Greece, but the blockade will not be raised until the demands of the Allies formulated in December and January last have been complied with." What funny games we play at, don't we? It looks as though, wherever be the field of operations, we can never be thorough in our methods. Thus is even the most "fatuous optimist" nearly driven to despair.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonsentimentals.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Leader of the House of Commons.

DEAR MR. LAW,—In principle there can be no objection to your Bill for the re-examination of the medically unfit, but its practical dangers are obvious, and I beg you to proceed with caution. Already the number of unfit men admitted to the Army constitutes a crying scandal, and it will be a misfortune if the ranks are burdened with a further influx of potential invalids. Many of the cases brought to my notice argue gross negligence, if not downright incompetence, on the part of the examining doctors—some of whom seem to be as clever with their "stethoscopes" as a cow with a tambourine. So do be careful!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Archibald Murray, Commander-in-Chief, British Forces in Egypt.

DEAR GENERAL MURRAY,—The wicked old Turk is getting it "in the neck" just now, and I am glad to see that you are taking a hand in his just punishment. Apart from its military advantages, your advance into Palestine is full of romantic interest, and I trust that complete success may soon crown your efforts in a campaign that may fitly be regarded as the last of the Crusades. Already you are on the high road to Jerusalem; and if the War Office should afterwards tell you to "go to Jericho," you will no doubt interpret the order literally, and press on with all possible speed. Meanwhile, please convey my warmest greetings to your gallant officers and men.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Waldo, Coroner, London.

DEAR CROWNER,—You had before you as a witness in your Court no less a person than Herr Ahlers, formerly German Consul at Sunderland, the gentleman who was sentenced to death for high treason, but who succeeded, on appeal, in getting the sentence quashed—on technical grounds. He is now interned. When he told you he was "naturalised," this illuminating dialogue ensued:—"The Coroner: Then you are an Englishman, with the same rights as every Englishman. . . . Why are you in an internment camp if you are a naturalised Englishman? Ahlers: I cannot really answer. I have not been informed why I was interned." The ignorance of Ahlers on that point is amusing; your own innocence is amazing. First of all, let me remind you of the "naturalised" Ahlers' immortal epigram:—"Once a German, always a German." Chew that over in the cell of reflection, and, if you are still in doubt why the man is interned, ask your office-boy.

JOHN BULL.

To General Sir Francis Lloyd, Commanding Home District.

DEAR GENERAL,—Don't you realise that you are overdoing your restrictions? Very soon an officer at home will not be able to call his soul his own, and the sign of the Sam Browne will be the signal for everyone to shun the unfortunate wearer. Come, now, as the "competent military authority" we know you by Act of Parliament to be, show a little more sweet reasonableness in your treatment of the commissioned ranks. London is not the sink of iniquity Stiggins would have us believe, and every officer who comes to the metropolis from trench or camp is not a child of the Devil. Reasonable relaxation is the necessity of the young, and God knows that those who stand between us and the Huns are the very flower of youth. Try to be less of the heavy father and more of the tolerant and kindly chief.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Eyre Crowe, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR SIR EYRE,—Not for the first time high testimony has been paid by Ministers to your patriotism and your talents. But once more let me point out that neither has ever been in question, although you were, I believe, largely responsible for the notorious Declaration of London which the Foreign Office was ultimately forced to scrap. No, the whole trouble is that you were the son of a German mother, and are married to a German wife. And, I repeat, that we do not want great and responsible positions in the government of this country filled by men with such family associations. It is not a question of ability; it is a grave matter of principle. Think it over.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir James Woodhouse, Chairman, War Losses Commission.

DEAR MR. CHAIR,—I am not astonished that you were astonished the other day that Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany—until 1882 Princess Helena of Waldeck and Pyrmont, a German principality—is claiming an award of £9,179 from the Commission "in respect of trees requisitioned from Esher Common." I do not know how Her Royal Highness got Esher Common, but I am informed that part of the estate was not so very many years ago filched or—in politer terms—enclosed from the British public by a former owner, and that the wood for which this large claim is made by Her Royal Highness consists of seedlings from the parent trees then existing. However that may be, Sir James, I should certainly have thought Her Royal Highness in days of war would have exercised some restraint in her claim for timber on a community who are paying her now, and have been paying her for many years, £6,000 per annum for having honoured the late Duke of Albany with her hand and become the mother of a son engaged, with her own brother, on the side of our enemies.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. W. Gibbons, Baptist Minister, London.

DEAR SIR,—At one of the meetings of the London Baptist Association a few days ago you said "JOHN BULL had been advocating a Continental Sunday for years. Do away with the Sabbath; scrap the parsons; close the churches." I am aware how painful it is for some gentlemen of professional holiness to handle the truth with reverence and with care, but I must assume that you know it is my custom to speak a language which everybody can understand, and therefore I must inform you that you lie. I would not "scrap the parsons"—but only some of them, say those like you, for upon my word, I think the tables of the Lord would be better served without you, while the collections would be invested to better spiritual advantage in War Loan. Nor, dear sir, would I close the churches, though I am confident some of them would do more good as hospitals for wounded soldiers, especially those which nobody goes to on account of the parson.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Col. John Ward, M.P.

DEAR JOHN,—The splendid conduct of your troops upon the sinking transport *Tyndareus* was worthy of the best traditions of the British Army, and I beg you to convey to them my warm sense of admiration. Of your behaviour upon this trying occasion it would be an impertinence to speak, except perhaps in the words of one of the men who faced death at your side: "The Colonel told us men to be calm, and he would not move off the ship till all his men were safely off. He stood erect, and was calmness itself as he looked round." Bravo, John! I always liked you.

JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Mee, Esq.

SIR,—Is it not time you endeavoured to use a little common sense in your efforts on behalf of the so-called Strength of Britain movement, and ceased your vulgar suggestions that every sin and infamy is the outcome of what you are pleased to call the drink traffic? You have just been responsible for an "open letter" to Mr. Lloyd George, which has for title "The Pilot," and in the course of that stupid diatribe, for which some one has to pay good money for publication—not even the *Daily News* will print your nonsense for nothing—you make the usual wild statements and outrageous suggestions. I should like to know which of our cities, and which shop it was, where the other day waited a queue of children "a mile long," and while you are about it perhaps you will give a little more information concerning the lads "made so much worse than drunkards" who have "dropped quietly overboard into the sea" because they were ashamed to meet their mothers and sisters. It is this kind of nauseous rubbish that turns the stomachs of decent people. Intemperance of language is the besetting sin of all your tribe. Drunk with the exuberance of your own verbosity, you cannot see straight on any subject under the sun. Pull yourself together; at least pretend to be sober.

JOHN BULL.

WHO IS JEOPARDISING OUR VICTORY?

WHILST OUR STATESMEN CHATTER, OUR FOOD SHIPS SINK.

BY A. G. HALES.

ONCE again, at the risk of being called monotonous, I repeat: "Ration, the whole nation; ration it now, from King to Coster, from Queen to Country Lass!" Let us all share and share alike, that the soldiers and sailors may have plenty that they may be strong for battle. Our fighters are doing their part, and doing it grandly—as both Germans and Turks can avouch—but, are *we*? Food is not nearly as plentiful at this hour as it was seven weeks ago, and yet we have not put the nation on rations, though in that seven weeks the enemy has sunk no fewer than *five hundred and six* British and neutral ships. Think of it—do not pass this statement by hurriedly; give your own God-given intelligence a chance; face the fact like clear-brained men and women, face it calmly and bravely—there is no cause for panic, but there is a great and growing cause for caution upon the nation's part, and for immediate action upon the part of our Government. Five hundred and six British and neutral ships sunk in forty-nine days! If that does not awaken you to the food peril, then, as my soul liveth, I do not know what will. Pause and reflect; nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand tons those losses represent, and every day the grim total is being added to. And as the Spring weather lengthens out the enemy's activities will most certainly increase and our losses be greater—for the weather conditions will suit the enemy submarine operations as the winter passes away from us. Let us be wise and look ahead; we have not, in nearly three years of warfare, been able to check the food raiders, who thus have a right to assert that we shall be unable to do so within the next five months—that is to say, until the end of next August. Now, assuming that our enemy can keep up the present rate of destruction till then, we and our Allies will by that time have lost a further four million six hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of food-carrying shipping. Do you not agree with me that the only safe plan is to ration the whole of the people within the British Isles—now? If we wait another few months, it will be too late; we shall have thrown away all that our fighters have suffered so much to win.

Women, Arise in Your Millions!

This food question is going to touch every woman in Great Britain; it is going to be felt by them more than by the men, if the German submarine policy continues to be successful and the nation has not saved itself by rationing. If hunger comes, it will be the wives and mothers who will know the worst misery; the men can go to their daily work, or go and fight, and they will not hear the ceaseless cry of the little ones—but the women must hear the hunger-cry, and it will wring their big brave hearts. I have seen starvation in beleaguered places. I have seen the stealthy march of famine in Eastern lands when the parched earth has refused to yield her fruits; pray God I may never see the children stricken, and the mothers suffering, in Britain as I have seen them in countries beyond the seas—and we shall see want, naked and hideous, if we do not husband our resources. Our Fleet is grand; our sailors have no equals, but they cannot scour the seas in search of submarines and watch the German fleet too. Women, you must come to the front in this matter; you must make the politicians realise that all the blood that has been shed for you shall not be shed in vain—it will be vain if serious food shortage finds the British nation unready. Are you going to remain passive until the wolf is at your doors, whilst politicians squabble like old fishwives over matters that might have been of moment in the old inept "Party"

days? The chatter of St. Stephen's makes my stomach heave. Fools fiddled whilst Rome burned, and fools chatter in London whilst food ships sink, and rascals make unholy profits out of the needs of the very poorest. It has been openly and fearlessly stated that, when the potatoes failed the poor, the "profit pirates"—who, though of British blood are kin to the German deep-sea pirates in principle—bought up swedes from British farms at thirty-three shillings a ton and sold them to the poor for over twenty pounds a ton. And the very poor are the wives and dependents of the soldiers and sailors who are fighting for the safety of these robbers and their families! We want a statesman who knows how to hang vermin of that kind, and if we do not soon get one the people will do their own hanging. Our superb armies are driving the soldiers of the enemy in front of them like cattle, east and west; all is well where our bayonets gleam. It is at home that the rottenness is stinking aloud; the rottenness of corruption is amongst the politicians, or else congenital idiocy is rampant.

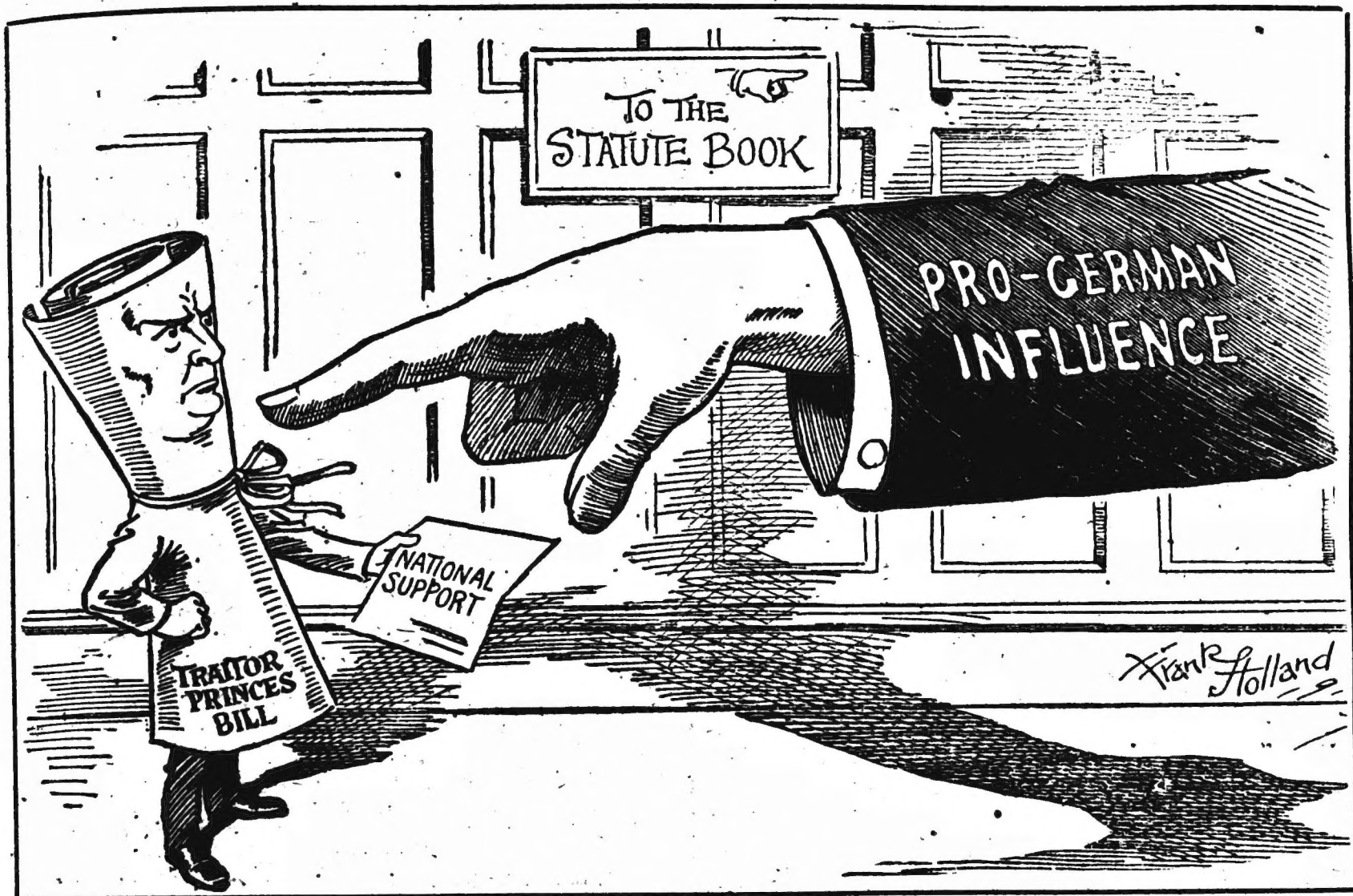
The "Mythical" Money-maker.

They have the audacity to tell us from the floor of the House of Commons that "profit-making" is a myth. Is it? Then what becomes of the disparity in price of swedes; who pockets the difference between thirty odd shillings a ton and twenty odd pounds? Whoever they are they, in my estimation, are lower in the scale of things than the meanest thief in Wormwood Scrubs, for they fatten on the leanness of the people. Our sailors are as good as our soldiers; they whipped the enemy at Jutland, they have endeavoured and are endeavouring to coax him out of the Kiel Canal to try conclusions once again. Whenever the blue-jacket can get into the fighting line all is well; we have no feeling but pride and gratitude for "Jack" and his officers—it is not there that the shoe pinches. We are just as sure of our navy and our naval men as we have always been, but we want the Foreign Office to keep its claws off the navy—to let it alone. And we want the Prize Courts to drop a lot of their insane law, and assimilate a little common-sense, and cease from rendering the best part of our fleet's work abortive. We want the German spies in our ports netted and put in a safe place, but we will never bring this to pass until a million men and women gather together in London and demand it in a voice of thunder—no hole and corner gathering run by limelight artists who only want to prattle, but a vast gathering of men and women who mean "action." But above and beyond all, we want the folks at home to back the efforts of the navy and army, by demanding to be rationed, that food which now lasts only one week may last over three weeks—and by organisation we can do it. If we can ration five million soldiers, we can ration thirty million civilians. The civilians are willing; it is the governing powers that fear to take the plunge.

Confiscate all Idle Land.

The precious hours are speeding away; soon it will be too late to talk of putting soil under cultivation. Yet every acre in Britain fit for food stuffs is needed to help to beat the enemy—the spade and plough is as vital as the bayonet and bullet. Let the Government say, now, that every idle acre fit to grow food shall be confiscated to the State—for they who tie up good land tie up food. If they can't get men to work the soil, let them get women—the women have never failed us in this war; they deserve the vote, every one of them over one-and-twenty, and they deserve food and security as well. Now, let us call the people together, and demand action—action—action. The day of the twaddler is past!

ORDERED BACK.



WHOSE IS THE HAND?

THAT CIGARETTE COUGH!

A TRADE SECRET BROUGHT TO LIGHT AT LAST.

Sand is sand and tobacco is tobacco, and never the twain should meet; but apparently, they sometimes do. The matter is brought to our notice by a correspondent in the chemical line, who for some years past has been pegging away at the fact that a certain well-known brand of tobacco—Messrs. Wills' "Three Castles"—contains an appreciable admixture of "silver sand." Our informant states his case with force and precision, explaining that he has himself made repeated analyses of the tobacco, and that ocular proofs of his assertion may be obtained by emptying an ounce of the offending mixture into a tumbler of clear water, and watching the silvery sediment collect. We are further informed that this so-called silver sand "actually consists of sharp particles of quartz, which when inhaled with the smoke into the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs are likely to set up acute irritation." So much for the scientific aspects of the matter. On the financial side it is pointed out that "for every ton of this tobacco sold, the British public is paying £35 16s. for sand," an interesting calculation, which if the analysis is correct is quite near enough to the mark. And here is the explanation of the whole thing furnished by Messrs. Wills:—

The tobacco of which "Three Castles" is manufactured is grown in soil consisting largely of very fine sand, and a certain amount of sand always adheres to the leaves of the growing tobacco. The tobacco as sold in the American market is sold by weight, so of course any sand there may be on the tobacco leaf is included in the weight of tobacco purchased and paid for by us. When the tobacco reaches this country, it is weighed by the Customs Authorities, and duty—which is now 5s. 6d. per lb.—is paid upon the ascertained weight which, of course, includes any sand there may be. It is impossible to extract the whole of the sand, but the importer uses every endeavour to eliminate all sand from the tobacco, as he would naturally not desire to pay duty on sand rather than tobacco. Most interesting, to be sure.

A TIMELY WARNING.

THAT COMING COAL FAMINE—AND THE REASON FOR IT.

Although coal porters have been placed on the list of "reserved occupations," and a number of exemptions granted, there are still considerable difficulties in the way of household delivery, the problem being one which might well engage the attention of the Coal Control Board. In a climate like ours, coal is as much a necessity of life as food or clothing, and it will be a serious misfortune if next winter should find us no nearer to a solution of the difficulties which in the past few months have led to something like a coal famine in parts of London and the provinces. We are informed that nearly half the regular coal porters in London have already joined the Army, and, although, as we say, the Board of Trade have given a definite lead to the Tribunals in the matter, very few exemptions are now being granted. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that large new drafts should be found for the Army, but the system which ruthlessly depletes the ranks of the coal workers, while employing soldiers and military lorries in the delivery of coal, does not strike one as the last word in prudent organisation. It is amusing, no doubt, to hear of Members of Parliament and others carrying coal home on their motor-cars, and of elegant ladies with paper parcels of "black diamonds," but it is by the poorer classes that the real pinch is felt, and in their case the matter has already gone far beyond a joke. Meanwhile, our readers may well take to heart the warning of an experienced correspondent, with whom we have lately been in communication upon this matter: "The best advice that I can give to the public," he writes, "is to see that they get all the coals they can during the summer months, for as far as we can see at present, there will certainly not be enough labour next winter to enable us to carry on." A timely hint!—but there remains the problem of the poor with no cellars to fill, and no cash to spare even were the storage difficulty overcome. The prospect before them is certainly not bright.

FAIR PLAY FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT: A PRACTICAL PROPOSAL.

BY W. CHARLES PILLEY.

SINCE the war placed a heavy premium upon their services, the munition workers as a body have enjoyed varied compliments and perhaps rather more than their share of felicitation. Ungrudging emphasis has been laid upon their vital contribution to our fighting resources; while, if their wages had been fixed by rumour, most of them, unless constrained by the purest patriotism, would long ago have retired upon their hoarded wealth. In regard to the amount of their earnings, the extent of their savings, the expensiveness of their habits, the riotous quality of their amusements, the glory of their Sunday raiment, etc., etc., the wildest reports have been current, resting, no doubt, upon a substratum of fact; but there is another side to the picture less romantic, truer to the life. Many of these workers, upon whose willing labour our prospects of victory largely depend, have tangible grievances, fair and legitimate causes of complaint, which in the public interest demand sympathetic consideration. Polite expressions of gratitude are all very well in their way, but "fine words butter no parsnips," and first of all these men and women have a right to a "square deal."

The Women.

We will begin with the women. I am not thinking just now of the ladies who on Saturday afternoons exchange their dungarees for costly fur-coats and ten guinea costumes. Such beatific creatures may exist, but I have not had the luck to meet them. My heroines are of a less romantic type, but they are the true metal. They are desperately anxious to help in this crisis, to spend their last ounce in the service of the nation. But in many instances their patriotism has met with a most scurvy reward. One girl of 21 threw up her work as a dressmaker, applied to the Labour Exchange for "war work," and was posted to a munitions factory in London, fifty miles from her home, at a promised wage of 27s. a week! I have seen the child's first letter to her mother. When she arrived in London, homeless and friendless, she was "not expected," and "no food was obtainable either at the canteen or the hostel." Moreover, faith has been broken with her in the matter of wages. "We are only to get 13s. for a few weeks"—out of this measly sum she must find herself in food, clothing, lodging, and, as she would put it, "keep herself respectable." The situation has sinister possibilities. The case, as will be seen, is clean outside the fur-coat category, but it is typical of many that have come my way. Let me briefly summarise a few of these complaints. A young mother, the wife of a soldier severely wounded in France, obtained work in a shell-filling factory. After nine months' strenuous service she was compelled to take a few days' holiday to go home to nurse her baby, suffering from bronchial-pneumonia, there being an implied undertaking that her place should be kept open for her. But now that her little one has been nursed back to health, they will not take her back. "We make it a rule," she is coldly informed, "not to re-engage workers who have left." Far better, of course, to break a promise than a rule. Rules are adamant. In the hands of petty tyrants they are rods of steel. In some flagrant instances women have been cheated by rule, sweated by rule, robbed by rule. It was possibly according to rule that at a Scottish factory a number of girl workers were suspended indefinitely, without wages, their discharge certificates being withheld so as to prevent them from obtaining other employment. The women are at the mercy of the employers. They have no powerful unions to protect them, and the Ministry of Munitions has failed to

recognise its liability towards the thousands of women and girls who at the call of duty have risked everything in the service of the State.

The Men.

The male workers have their grievances as well—though, generally speaking, they have readier means of redress. And, first of all, may I ask why it is that—while hundreds of middle-aged skilled workers have failed to obtain employment, and thousands of willing women have been turned down by the Labour Exchanges—munition works up and down the country are swarming with men of military age largely exempted for particular unions and firms? It is not without significance that most of the complaints of the behaviour of Inspectors and Supervisors are directed against men whose factory experience has been of the shortest duration—men obviously of military age, and bearing no visible marks of "indispensability." Indeed, it is roundly asserted that some of these "Tribunal pets" have frankly confessed that they "know nothing about shells," they "only look at them." Meanwhile, there are queer anomalies in wages. The special bonus to workers in "danger zones" seems in many instances to be most arbitrarily granted or withheld. Mixers in a London powder factory—engaged in work of a most trying kind—complain, not without reason, that their wages rarely exceed 25s. a week. In case this modest figure may come as a shock to my more imaginative readers, let me at once add that, in a West of England shell factory, men engaged in tending machines, practically unskilled labour, can earn from £3 to £5 a week, while in the same establishment "viewers" and "gaugers" of shells, upon whose experience and accuracy so much depends, have lately been paid less than £2 weekly. Such efforts as have been put forth by the Ministry of Munitions have not yet brought about anything like an effective standardisation of wages, or even a reliable minimum scale. In some factories "time" and "piece" rates jangle each other in baffling confusion, while elsewhere the unjustifiable "cutting" of piece-work payments has caused intense dissatisfaction among workers whose highly skilled labour is vital to the prosecution of the war.

A Practical Suggestion.

To such abuses public attention has been too little directed, and my purpose will have been served if I have shown that munitions work is not all "beer and skittles," not quite a passport to a Land of All Delights, but that there are hardships that might be mitigated, injustices that can be remedied, inequalities calling for prompt redress. On the whole, this vast machinery of warlike preparation is working smoothly and well, but here and there a little grit has got into the bearings, checking the speed of production, hindering the great task of victory. Assuming a measure of goodwill all round, it should not be difficult to devise remedies. Most of the difficulties I have cited—and I have selected typical instances from a vast number of complaints—could be disposed of in five minutes in straightforward conference between employers and employed, given a reasonable measure of good faith on both sides. It would be a good thing if a Committee of Conciliation were attached to every factory, comprising representatives of the management and of the male and female workers, empowered to decide factory disputes and to enforce their decisions upon the parties at issue. The absence of any such ready means of adjustment is a fruitful source of friction, delaying the triumph of our arms.

'BACCOY, BUNS, AND BUMBLE.**ECONOMY ALWAYS AT EXPENSE OF THE POOREST.**

Economy, with Poor-law Guardians, does not begin at home; it begins in the workhouse, and is practised on the paupers. They cannot help themselves, and are unable to retaliate; they are not in the poor-house from choice, but have been driven in. Therefore, say the Guardians, let us at least be sure that they do not feel comfortable. Pursuing these sound principles, the Guardians at Andover, Hants, have decided to cut down the workhouse inmates' tobacco allowance by one-half, to effect a saving of £40 a year. Andover is not a poor place; there are fat lands and pastures there, and fat officials, too. If £40 yearly must be saved, why not insist on 40 officials shedding £1 a year apiece, instead of taking it out of poor old folk on their last legs—old rate-payers broken in the battle of life, to whom very often a whiff of tobacco is their one remaining solace? Lambeth Guardians have perpetrated a little meanness that is perhaps even more unworthy. They have decreed, for reasons of economy, that the children in their workhouse shall have no hot-cross buns this Easter. Was this deprivation really worth doing? Such a bitter disappointment for the little ones and such a tiny saving! When the child had an Easter bun, he or she had a slice of bread the less, so the rations are scarcely affected, while the children are rendered miserably discontented. Again one wonders, if the saving had to be made to ease the rates—which we doubt—why some of the Guardians did not subscribe the few necessary shillings from their own pockets, so that the brightness should not be banished from the children's faces on Easter morn. But Bumble has not altered since Dickens drew him. At Stafford County Council the Rev. P. E. Mainwaring glibly, gaily voted to increase the salaries of six officials—salaries ranging from £250 to £800 a year. "To him that hath shall be given." But the reverend gentleman voted against the proposal to increase the wage of roadmen from 22s. to 25s. He thought 22s. was sufficient for man, wife, and family, because the roadmen "have Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday to themselves." But surely they go to church on Sunday—to listen to Mr. Mainwaring!

FRIENDS OF THE GERMANS.**SUBSCRIBERS TO FUND FOR HUNS IN GREAT BRITAIN.**

About a year ago we were able to give a list of names of some subscribers to the funds of the Emergency Committee to assist Germans and Austrians in this country. Perhaps it is now aiding Turks and Bulgarians also, but of that we have no definite knowledge. In its first year—up to July, 1915—more than £14,000 was collected to help enemy subjects in Great Britain, and we printed the names of some of the people who found the money. Included among them were the Cadburys, Lord Haldane, Lord Courtney, Lowes Dickinson, Norman Angell, Sir E. Speyer, Sir E. Schiff, Baron Schröder, and the British German Friendship Society. The second year of the Committee's activities has been even more productive of funds for the Huns among us. Up to June 30th, 1916, a further sum of £17,500 came in, a very large number of the subscriptions being anonymous. But some of the gentry concerned have not blushed unseen, and we append this list of names and amounts:—Mr. Barrow Cadbury, £250; Cadbury Bros., £1,300; Sir Ernest Cassel's Administration, £200; Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, £15; Rt. Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., £4 4s.; Viscount Haldane, £50; Sir James Reckitt, £1,320; Mr. Joseph Rowntree, £270; Baron Bruno Schröder, £600; the Right Hon. Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P., £25; Mr. Aneurin Williams, M.P., £10; the Rt. Hon. J. W. Wilson, M.P., £10. It is, we think, a highly interesting list, and, somehow, the names are just the ones we should expect to find among those eager to open their purses for the benefit—not of their own suffering people—but of those dear Huns who live in this land among us. £17,500 is not a bad year's haul; we should have been glad to see it paid out to help British prisoners abroad, or even into the War Loan. One cannot blame so much the Cassels, Schröders, Speyers, and Schiffs; they do at least stick to their own race. The others, born British, are deliberately financing that Committee to supply cash to our enemies.

"GERMAN" S.W. AFRICA.**TRADERS OPENLY POSING AS GERMAN SUBJECTS.**

The Germans in South-West Africa, the conquered territory now under government of the Union of South Africa, are evidently quite confident that they are still German subjects, amenable to German laws only. And they are permitted to remain in that belief. British firms, under the regulations of the Union, have had to pay pre-war debts owing to German firms, but these firms claim non-liability—yet still continue dealing regularly with British merchants in Cape Town. One of the Cape Town firms asked for payment of an account by L. Scholz and Co., of Luderitzbucht, and their amazing reply was to this effect:—"We are sorry to inform you that not the monetary conditions of this country are hindering us to pay your account, but it is forbidden by German law for German subjects to pay debts to the Union by a penalty up to £2,500 during the war is on. We are sure you don't want us to run such risk." A pretty thing—is it not?—that a firm should plead "German law" as binding them—"German subjects"—under the Union of South Africa!

A SCALDING SHAME.**ENEMY ALIEN AND A BRITISH BUSINESS.**

At a recent sitting of the Middlesex Appeal Tribunal it was stated that the effect of sending a certain man to the Army would be to make a present of his mother's business to an unnaturalised German competitor—an able-bodied enemy alien of 45, who was alleged to have escaped internment upon the certificate of a clergyman that he was "a good man and sent his children to Sunday School." The applicant for exemption was Edward Sharp, a delicate lad of 19, who since the death of his father had helped his mother to carry on a struggling french polishing concern. The German competitor had originally been employed by the Sharps, from whom he had learned the trade, but he had afterwards set up in opposition, and had already captured a good deal of business from his former employers. If young Sharp were now compelled to join the army, his mother would be still further handicapped—indeed, it was doubtful if she would be able to carry on at all—and in the event of the business being closed down, it was the German rival who would reap the benefit. In these circumstances, the Ealing Local Tribunal had granted the applicant several periods of exemption. "The effect of sending the boy into the Army," they reported, "would be to present the remainder of the business to this German," and to that scandal they declined to become a party. Unhappily, the Appeal Tribunal were less alive to this aspect of the matter, and they ordered the applicant to report for military service in four weeks' time, the Chairman rather weakly remarking that "it did seem a shame." But the greatest shame is that at this time of day an unnaturalised Hun should be left at large to snatch the bread from the mouth of a British mother who has given her son to the service of the State.

A DANGEROUS TRADE.**ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.**

"Bronze powder" is a preparation used in ornamental "gold" printing upon chocolate boxes, tea, and cocoa packets and other fancy wrappings, and we have it upon expert authority that in many respects it is a most deleterious agent. So undesirable is its use that its manufacture in England is not permitted, but before the war it was imported from Germany in considerable quantities, whilst latterly supplies have been received from Japan. "Girls using it," we are told, "have to wear mouth-masks, and even then it decays their teeth, and also turns their nails green and yellow." After this, it is not surprising to learn that "printers do not like it, and would be glad to see its use prohibited by law. Particles of this injurious substance find their way into the chocolate, cocoa, etc."—so that it is the consumer as well as the worker who is exposed to danger. These grave suggestions seem to merit close inquiry—but, if the facts are as stated, there is evidently a strong case for the shutting out of material which, while highly dangerous to the workers, is of no practical value to the community at large.

IF Parliament cannot hold together till the end of the war; if it *must* have an election—then every soldier must be given the vote. Those who by their blood and sacrifice make victory certain must have a voice in making peace secure. Whether the struggle be short and sharp in the coming months, or be slow and certain, it is the British soldier—and sailor, too, if he be allowed to use his strength to the full—who alone will break the power of the Hohenzollern and re-establish the reign of humanity and the laws of civilisation. I have no patience with the politician who, seeing victory within the grasp of the soldier, would deny him the rightful fruits of his labours. To talk about giving votes to the women—splendid as they are—and to the munition workers—loyal as may be their labours—and to leave out the men who, for a shilling a day, are risking life and limb in the Great Cause, is to make a travesty of popular government and to scrap all for which we are fighting. It is by the sword that we shall win, and those who are the real victors have the greatest right of all to a say in the peace which is to follow war—in the great awakening and reorganisation that will come from the welter of conflict, from the soil of re-birth, watered with the blood of our best and bravest.

"No Such Word as Difficulty."

Don't talk to me of difficulties. A People who could overcome the neglect of the politicians, who can snatch victory from the betrayal of Governments and build a new Empire on the ruins prepared by incompetence and indecision, know no such word as Difficulty. If gallant Australia can furnish the machinery so that the Anzac may play his part—thousands of miles from the Antipodes—in the political movements in the land he loves, where is the justification or excuse for denying to our brave men their rightful voice in the government of Great Britain? Just as the weakness of the blockade—and the debate in Parliament has justified all my criticisms—is a betrayal of the fighting man, so the denial to him of his proper share in the counsels of the nation is a cruel injustice and a crying shame. I do not pretend that it would be either an easy or a simple thing to take the vote of the soldier in the trenches. But I do say that the obstacles are nothing compared with the priceless advantage to the country of receiving his support in the only constitutional way open to him to give it, when the momentous question of peace, and the great considerations which have to be discussed when the awful note of war is once more silenced, come up for deliberation and decision. Let any one who values the future, who realises the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon us as a nation and an Empire, read the debate on franchise and electoral reform, and he will realise that it is either from fear or weakness that the politician would keep the soldier out of his just heritage. What is the use of fine phrases, such as were uttered in the House of Commons the other day, when they carry with them the stamp of insincerity, the taint of humbug? Said the ex-Prime Minister, in attempting to justify the demand for change: "You must have some electorate to which you can appeal, an electorate which is not a sham or a simulation, but

A CRUEL THE ENEMY IN DISGUISE—CITIZEN

By THE

a real electorate which represents the considered opinion and will of the nation as a whole." And yet it is pretended that you will obtain the "considered opinion and will of the nation as a whole" by giving votes to the Conscientious Objector, the crank, and the slacker, and by leaving out of account the four million heroes who are fighting for us over the scattered fields of war! The thing is absurd, grotesque—nay, more, it is an injustice and a crime.

More Balliol Bosh.

So far as the women are concerned, I have not to admit a sudden conversion. No one who has understood the splendid part the wives and mothers and sisters of the fighting men are playing in the grim business of war needs to be convinced of their right to consideration in any new franchise proposals. Those who work for the State have a claim to the vote in all that concerns the well-being of the State, and there are a thousand questions brought to birth or to fulfilment in the great womb of war in which the best mind of the women of this country has a right to consideration and to weight. Mr. Asquith tells us that the women have "worked out their own salvation" in this war; that "short of bearing arms" there is hardly a war service they have not fulfilled. Granted, and God bless them for their heroism and their efforts! But "short of bearing arms"—there's the rub. The manhood of Britain is bearing arms to-day; is risking all for liberty and for Empire. Yet those who are ready to make the great sacrifice are to be denied the right to reap the fruits in the way that seems best to them. Again I quote the ex-Premier, who, in enforcing the need for an extension of the franchise and certain reforms in our method of election to Parliament, as proposed by what is known as the Speaker's Committee, tells us that only by carrying out these proposals—"in no other way—can we make the next House of Commons, whether it is elected in consequence of a sudden dissolution or whether it springs into existence by the effluxion of time" (Oh! these phrases) "an authentic and authoritative exponent of the national will in the infinitely varied and complex array of problems, both domestic and Imperial, which at the end of the war it will be its first duty to confront and to solve." Whew! Think what all this fine talk really means. Peace may come upon us with all the suddenness of war. It is the duty of his Majesty's Government to leave nothing to chance—we have had enough of hand-to-mouth methods—and to make preparations for all eventualities, so that neither by the lack of food nor the want of men shall the great prize of victory be lessened in value or whittled down in effect. But if the country is called upon to give a verdict on the supreme issues of peace and the rebuilding of the Empire on the ashes of war, that verdict will not be worth a Hun's "scrap of paper" unless the

BETRAYAL.

OR OUTLAW?—MORE BALLIOL BOSH.

EDITOR.

men who have fought for it and won it make their voices heard at the polls.

The War-Stained Citizen.

Do not let there be any mistake. I care not who may be Prime Minister at the time and what the character and composition of the Government, politicians will be asking for serious, for grave, unthinkable trouble if, in inviting the People to come to vital decisions, they ignore the views of the fighting man. And the right to vote is his only orderly and constitutional means of expressing his opinion and of imposing his will. "Infinitely varied and complex array of problems, both domestic and Imperial"—yes, that is true. It will need all the sobriety of the British People—all their sound common-sense, their love of settled Government, their deep belief in the virtues of the Constitution—to secure a straight and orderly course of events in the immediate months after war. It will be the most colossal blunder of the politician—and heaven knows he has piled his mistakes mountain-high since August, 1914—if he dares to leave out of the reckoning the mind of the soldier. Just picture for yourself the war-stained citizen—he who has given up so much; home, wife, children, business to fight for some ill-defined ideals, some vaguely conceived principles of Liberty and Justice—if when he comes back flushed with victory, strong in the thought of duty to the State well done, he returns only to find that the stay-at-homes, the dug-outs, the slackers, have had a voice in settling the great accounts without any reference to him. While they will have been loudly articulate, shouting their stinking political wares in the market-place and on the hustings, he will have been gagged—rendered politically dumb. I do not envy the Government which in such circumstances would have to face the angry millions of men drawn from the factory, the plough, the desk and the workshop, who had won their right to the vote, and who yet had been robbed of that right. In the name of common-sense, for the sake of peace at home—that great peace, and, as we hope, prosperity, which will follow the splendid silence of the battlefield—I beg those whose particular business it is to make the nation's laws not to indulge in any such mad deception or to believe that the soldier will return to England without new desires, without insistent demands.

A Fraud on Tommy.

Give women the vote by all means—not because they have earned it, but because they have the right to it. The vote is not a lollipop; it is much more—it is the right of every citizen of full age. But if the vote is to be put on the level of a favour, then I say you are insulting every man who to-day takes his life with his gun in both hands and stands in the trenches facing the foe, if you make unnecessary difficulties in extending to him the power of deciding the destinies of the nation

and the Empire. Remember, that one of the most thorny and troublesome questions which will confront us after the war concerns women labour and the extent to which the hitherto unchallenged strength of men in the factory and the workshop, on our railways and in our offices, shall conform to the new conditions war necessity alone has brought into being. When the present Parliament

comes to an end the so-called verdict of the nation will be taken. When the blessed word "Peace" is on every lip our fighting men may still be standing to arms. Where, then, would be the difficulty in securing a vote from the trenches? Whatever the obstacles may be, they must be surmounted, and the millions of men under arms must be given the opportunity of voting. To deny them this right would be as base and ungrateful an act as to refuse them the fullest support the Navy can offer in hastening the end of the war. All those "juridical niceties" put forward in the Blockade debate leave me cold, not to say cynical. There is only one test of the efficacy of the blockade—the starvation of Germany.

Enemy Neutrals.

It is infamous to permit feeding-stuffs for cattle to go into Denmark when—in the words of Lord Robert Cecil, the Minister directly responsible—"the Germans still get the bulk, practically the whole, of the meat of Denmark." Germany hopes to hold on in the West in order to give her murderous submarines three months' merciless play in the North Sea and the Atlantic, to sink our grain ships, to send our cargoes of meat to the bottom of the ocean, and to indulge her loathsome spite by torpedoing every hospital transport that ventures across the waters. That is her deliberate purpose. We know it, and, therefore, we have no excuse under Heaven for showing her mercy, or mercy to those Neutrals who are aiding and abetting her by passing food into the land of the Hun. The greatest of all the Neutrals has at last confessed that the infamous villainies of the Germans are past bearing. America's conscience has failed to withstand the repeated shock of hideous cruelties, the calculated murders before which the blood-lust of the cannibal pales into nothingness. The fate, not only of the British Empire and her Allies, but the fate of Civilisation as we have known it and fought for it through the centuries, is in the balance. It is criminal folly, it is wanton wickedness, for us who command the greatest Navy known to the world, not to use its power ruthlessly, stubbornly, against the Neutral who is an enemy in disguise as well as against the open fiend on the waters. Just as we shall be robbing the soldier and the sailor of his rights won by war if we deny him the power to vote in the peace settlement, so we are stealing from him his chance of life and his hope of speedy victory if we do not close the North Sea against all comers and starve out Germany before the summer. We are on the edge; we are looking down upon the Promised Land—all the blood and sacrifice are awaiting their reward. Let us see to it that those who have fought, and will speedily return flushed with victory, are strong in the power to control the destinies of the Great Empire for which they have suffered so much—which they have saved.

THE DILATORY DEVONPORT.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

I AM not disposed to underestimate the magnitude of Lord Devonport's task as National Food Controller. Lord Devonport has in large measure heavenly gifts for the office. Heaven made him a successful grocer and endowed him with a magnificent sense of provisions. He knows more about the mysteries of tea, sugar, and provisions generally than I pretend to do until I begin to eat them, and I daresay he could calculate much more accurately than I can how much per annum the big multiple-shop firms—the names of whom must be quite familiar to him—made by weighing-in the heaviest possible paper wrappings with the shortest possible weight of the goods on the scale. In addition to all these things in his favour, he has a reputation to lose as an able organiser and a forceful and dominating character. It is not the gifts of Lord Devonport with which a long-suffering public have reasons to quarrel, but with the way in which he uses them. He is too slow for a funeral. He has never controlled even so much as a mangel-wurzel until the man who owned it has let it go at a usurious profit. He never had an idea about potatoes before they began to fail and the rampers with stocks had worked up the market for a plunder. The Meat Trust were busy fleecing the multitude long before he got up in the morning. The Coal Ring had exploited the community for huge fortunes for many moons before he did anything to protect them. The Milk Ramp had got well away with their ill-gotten gains when a row in the House decided him that there must be something doing. The miller and the baker were light on the scale and nimble-fingered in the public pocket for long months of helpless sufferance and unavailing protest before he realised that bread was the staff of life and the staple food of the poor: and even at this moment he seems to be bewildered by the fact that his new Bread-by-weight Order has no sooner left his hands than the Master Bakers' Protection Association hold a meeting in the dark, pass a resolution putting up bread to a shilling a loaf, and add a rider in so many words that, so far as they are concerned, he may go to blazes or Bagdad. Even in the ancient days of the Ridiculous Runciman, the sugar sharpers had brought the "other goods" imposition to a fine art and swollen their bank balances with the swag; yet it was only yesterday, so to speak, that the Food Controller issued an Order—after warnings, and threats, and promises innumerable—which,

from the point of view of the poorer classes, is in my opinion eyewash and nothing more. Though the tea men have been miles and months ahead speculating in tea and putting up the prices, it is only a few days ago that Lord Devonport "made arrangements with the trade," the purport of which is that on and after May 1st, 40 per cent. of the shipments of tea from India and Ceylon is to be sold retail at from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d. a pound. To use the language of the street, "I don't think!" It is a thousand pounds of potatoes to a parsnip that on and after May 1st there will be nothing doing in tea at 2s. 2d. a pound and very little at 2s. 4d. In general, the shops will be "Very sorry, but all sold out, m'm," before the mother of six can get there. Then we have the picturesque spectacle of the Food Controller elevating cattle fodder—swedes, to wit—into the exalted position of a lovely golden fruit at three ha'pence a pound. I do not wish to look too far ahead, but I do think Lord Devonport should learn from me, here and now, that there is a war on which does not look like being over until we have started to eat each other as a means of subsistence; and I wish to know what prices he proposes to fix for worms and sawdust when they emerge into view as economical foodstuffs. As for those threats of police raids on hoarding food hogs and the penalties concerning the same, you can rely that Grosvenor Square and Park Lane are going to be well provisioned whatever happens to the poor. On all the Food Orders as they stand at present, the fattened hog is going to be kept fat—the big firms whom Lord Devonport so incessantly consults will see to that, even if they have to send out the goods in the dark. At this time of day it makes me laugh till I cry to read the announcement that "Lord Devonport has appointed a Committee to consider the system at present adopted by the Royal Commission on Sugar Supplies for the distribution of sugar." I will presently send that Royal Commission a trifle in the shape of wild shrieks from the homes of poor people, by way of assisting their belated deliberations. Meanwhile, I shall be honoured to know when his Lordship proposes to appoint a Royal Commission to consider the deace of Queen Anne. From beginning to end, the food problem has not been examined in the interests of exploited food consumers. At least that is how it looks to me and to the other people in that lowly sphere of life to which it has pleased the Lord to call us.

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The red-taped monster's growing fast;
It looks as though he's come to last—
That not until the day of Peace
Will his vast depredations cease.



"And why not me?" the Tommy cries—
His protest will not cause surprise;
Our women have been grand, we know,
But he's the one who'll beat the foe.



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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Well, sir, 'ow goes it? 'Aven't 'ad the pleasure of seein' you for some time, sir. . . . *Bin very busy with the Blockade?* 'Ave you, really, sir! S'pose we may expeck to see some results of it soon, then, sir? But we mustn't be in too much of a 'urry, I s'pose. The wore's on'y bin on two years an' seven months. *Satirical?* Wot, me, sir? Now, do I look satirical? I awsk yer. It would seem 'ard if the wore was to stop before you'd got the 'ang of yore job. . . . *Wot do I mean?* Well, you must admit the 'Uns is gittin' pritty near 'orl the grub they want, outer 'Olland an' Denmark. The Dutch an' the Danes ain't sendin' us wot they promised. So you kin bet they're sendin' it into Germany an' gittin' more oof for it. . . . I don't say they ain't got no right to look arter theirselves. But, at the same time, it's up to us to look arter ourselves. Look 'ere, sir. They're scared to send grub across to us becoss of the U boats, an' they won't let us send some of our armed merchantmen into their ports. Wot we takes or fetches from them 'as to be done in unprotected ships. They still 'as the trade without runnin' any of the risks. Now, is that fair? We're sendin' them thousands o' tons o' fertilisers every month, wot's converted into meat an' cheese, an' butter an' bacon, an' then goes to feed the 'Uns. Wot do we git in return? Nex' to nothink. 'Ence, prices is 'igh. Well, wot about it? . . . Eh? Wot's the good of agreements with Dutch an' Danish merchants? 'Ow do we know 'ow they carry them out? There's on'y one way, sir. Stop tradin' with 'em orltogether. Cut it out, an' put our ships on safer routes instead. Then they couldn't feed Germany. Wot they've got they'd want for theirselves. If Germany invaded them, that'd be their own look-out. It wouldn't make no difference to the end of the wore. The 'Uns 'aven't got enough troops for a fresh campaign against 'Olland an' Denmark. It seems to me, sir, as though the Government, instead of tryin' to smash the 'idden 'And, is shakin' it in a friendly sorter way. . . . *Don't understand the difficulties?* Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, sir, I'm on'y lookin' at the question from the point o' view o' common sense. Mine's on'y the opinion of the man in the street, so ter speak. But you mustn't forget that the Army is made up mainly of men in the street. They're winnin' the wore, sir. An' don't forgit Russia. That was a revolution o' men in the street. They knew wot they wanted, an' so do we! That's it, sir. I think you'll do. Thank you, sir. . . . Goo' day, sir.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE SOLDIER'S VOTE.

"TOMMY" (on leave): Excuse me, sir, but you don't happen to be Mr. Asquith, do you?

GENT. (colouring, and slightly confused): I—er—now, do I look like Mr. Asquith? As he would probably reply, I—er—must have notice of that question. Ha, ha!

"TOMMY": Well, I thought you looked a bit like him—that's all. You've got the same tufts of white hair over your ears like what the caricature artists give him. I was hoping you was him.

GENT. (smiling pleasantly): Indeed? That's very grati—I should say, he would be very gratified to know that.

"TOMMY": I'm not so sure about that. I've got a crow to pluck with him, to tell you the truth. And I'm not the only one in khaki who has.

GENT. (struggling unsuccessfully to sustain his smile): Is that so? wonder what poor Mr. Asquith has done to earn such disapproval.

"TOMMY": Well, I've been reading his speech in the House of Commons on the subject of electoral reform, and I don't like it. He seems determined to do us soldiers out of our vote at the next General Election. A dirty trick, I call it, and so do millions more.

GENT. (persuasively): But perhaps you don't realise the insuperable difficulties in the way of giving voting facilities to soldiers on active service. You see, the British Army is scattered all over the world. There are troops in India, Africa, Mesopotamia—

"TOMMY" (impatiently): I know all about that. What are difficulties for except to be overcome? Australian soldiers were enabled to vote on Conscription for the Commonwealth, weren't they? And the trenches on the Western Front are some thousands of miles from Australia, aren't they? Why should we British Tommies be disfranchised just because we are fighting for the country?

GENT. (deprecatingly): No, no; you look at it from the wrong point of view. It is simply a question of ways and means. If it could be satisfactorily arranged, I'm quite sure the Government would be only too pleased.

"TOMMY" (emphatically): Asquith wouldn't, nor would any of the Old Gang. They know that us Tommies have learned a bit the last two years and a half, and they're afraid of us! That's what it is. They're scared to let us vote. They want to rush a General Election through before we have a chance to have a say in it. They know we're fed up with the old Party clap-trap, and can't be bamboozled with Party cries any more. It's dirty, and if Asquith was here I'd tell him so!

[Hurried exit of white-haired GENT.]

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

I would write about Glasgow in particular, and Scotland generally. For I have been disillusioned. The Scot who is said to be mean, fractious and crusty, must be, so I have decided, a creature of fantastic mythology. A great big man I have found him to be—a real "John Bull"; at least he has been seeking to live up to the paper for which I am privileged to write. At Celtic Park Football Ground, which stands as a monument to the tremendous liking and popularity of Association Football, there was held the other day a boxing tournament, with Mr. Thomas Queen (the Ladbroke of the North) as the pivot, to help the local fund for our limbless soldiers, and I am happy to say many hundreds of pounds have been handed over to the charity.

An audience of more than 10,000 witnessed truly wonderful boxing—so wonderful that we all forgot the cutting, freezing cold. Tancy Lee, the only man who has beaten Jimmy Wilde, fought and defeated Lafferty. Pat Blestin and Flynn had a splendid old-fashioned mill; Jimmy Wilde gave an exhibition with Sid Shields—and Bombardier Wells, with the help of Dan McGoldrick, showed how boxing can be made a great art, even among heavy-weights. At the end of the afternoon I was requested to auction the gloves used by Wells, and am glad to say that they fetched a goodly sum. And this I would add about Glasgow and Scotland generally: That

part of the world to me stands for the font of hospitality. Why, when I looked into the hairdresser's and sought to liquidate my liabilities, the hard, bitter-faced barber would have me plainly to understand that "That's aw recht. We kenneed you were coming. We're glad to welcome ye." So that finished it. I would add this: If Mr. Thomas Queen sets out to help any other war charity and hits upon boxing to aid him, he is bound to back a winner, for men on the Clyde are just daft on boxing. Next to football, it is all that matters.

Mr. Taylor, the head and front of the Liverpool Stadium, is keeping the flag flying, and last Thursday night I had the pleasure of refereeing a bout in which Sapper O'Neill and the Canadian soldier, Clarke, who lost to Curley Walker recently at the Holborn Stadium, were the principals. The affair went the full 20 rounds. Then I decided that O'Neill was the winner. I must say this for Clarke—he fought like a Trojan. If he could only box he would be a Tartar. But he can't!

Congratulations to my friends the Special Constables. They did wonderfully at the Holborn Stadium. I am told that many thousands will be handed over to the Ambulance Fund. And what about the boys at the Eccentric Club? Why, in quicksticks they got together £1,000, and before dinner was half finished too!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pic.")

"DAILY EXPRESS":—

"It (Serbia) will be a nation without men. There will be no FATHERS for the coming generations."

"MY WEEKLY":—

"The best thing you can use for CLEANING LIGHT FAWN GLOVES is petrol. . . . Another method is to RUB THEM WELL WITH HOT BRAWN."

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"IT IS AN OFFENCE for any person having found any bomb, or projectile, or any fragment thereof . . . TO FORTHWITH COMMUNICATE THE FACT to a Military Post or to a Police Constable in the neighbourhood."

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"Of the second early potatoes, Harbinger, is very good, and the tubers are ALL OF A FAIRLY EQUAL SIZE, being EITHER VERY LARGE OR TOO SMALL."

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"Gents' COLD HANDS, SLIGHTLY DAMAGED, 8 for 1½d."

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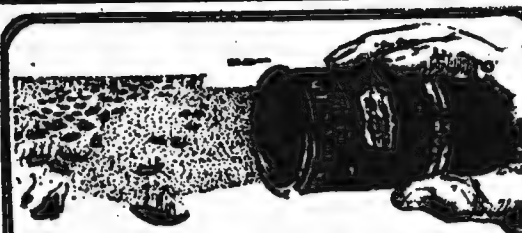
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—and soon they were speeding to cover—simply falling over each other.

Hawley's I.K. is bad—very bad—for camp pests. It's a fine clean powder, very pleasant to use, and does not merely "turn them over," but absolutely exterminates such camp pests as fleas, beetles, lice, &c. Send your Soldier friend a tin to-day.

Hawley's I.K. is put up in handy sprinkler tins, and is a sure preventative against disease. Armed with Hawley's your Soldier friend will feel safeguarded against one of the greatest discomforts of the trenches.

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that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, **DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS**, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

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by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

For Sir Alfred Keogh.

We should like Sir Alfred to pay a personal visit to the camps on Salisbury Plain, and let us know whether he is satisfied with the state of affairs there. We say no more for the present.

Our Prisoners of War.

A whole flock of letters has, too, been let loose on us from our prisoners of war, complaining that since the old order of things concerning parcels was changed and the matter placed in the hands of Committees, parcels have become few and far between.

On Account of Hard Facts.

Our enormous mail bag would be relieved if the wives and friends of soldiers did not bombard us with letters asking us to obtain leave for the men. We are engaged in a war, not on a picnic. Every man and boy is wanted at the Front, and nobody fit can, at present, be spared.

Got His Own Back.

A soldier in India tells us that he got 28 days' with stoppage of pay, through a lying report being made by his corporal concerning him. The latter, he tells us, was supposed to be a teetotaler, but immediately after he had "clinked" the complainant he was arrested for drunkenness, having stolen 15 gallons of beer! Thus the soldier got his own back.

Bovington Boy Officers' Complaint.

At Bovington Camp we find that many of our new officers live and sleep in tents, while the men are snug in their huts with roaring fires. The privates, too, obtain better treatment in the matter of week-end leave, whilst the second lieutenants find it difficult to get away at all. The young chaps with the stars on their arms are full of indignation, and the "common soldiers" laugh up their sleeves.

"Rattle His Bones."

Some days ago a young lad in the Warwick was undergoing a course of instruction in the use of gas. He inhaled some of the noxious vapour, and died. His remains were refused the honour of a military funeral, but some of the soldiers in the local hospital obtained leave to follow him to the grave. It seems that, dead or alive, the British soldier is all too frequently done out of his rights.

Our Muddling Methods.

A heavy battery of artillery was formed at the beginning of the war. They have been kept knocking about ever since. The gunners have been taken away, and their places have been filled by C.B. men. The battery now consists of these gunners and A.I. drivers—the latter much needed at the Front. If a gunner of poor physique, why a first-class driver? Surely, of the two, the gunner should be the better man.

A — Shame.

At the Mount Vernon Hospital, Hampstead, a wounded soldier washed himself before carrying out the order of the Staff Sergeant to carry a gramophone from one ward to the other. Result—he has been sentenced to be confined to the premises during his stay there. We appeal to the Secretary of State for War. The sentence is damnable, as the maximum, under King's Regulations, is five days' C.B.

The Officers' Complaint.

If an officer is placed in unfurnished quarters among civilians, he is granted a field allowance of 2s. 6d. a day. We find, however, that some of them, quartered in an empty, cheerless room at Candahar Barracks, Tidsworth, are refused the allowance—probably because they are in a Government building. Why this distinction? Let us play fair.

Kicked Out as a Scarecrow.

The other day a merchant seaman, who was accepted in the Royal Navy, was discharged solely because he was medically unfit. Nevertheless, all the buttons were cut off his coat, his cap badge was removed, and the blue braid taken off his vest. He was thus sent out to look for work among civilians. What says Sir Edward Carson?

Strange Plot.

"Sub-Lieut." A. C. Bottomley, whose cap was recently picked up at sea, is alive and well—and has given us an interesting account of how he lost his headgear and his nether garments. He is now full Lieutenant. He has been inundated with inquiries since our paragraph appeared.

Against Regulations!

The Lieutenant Commanding one of our small craft has stopped all leave for his crew, because their pockets were not equal to the strain imposed upon them by the shore victualling contractor's price list. Under what Regulation?

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

A. B. (Barnoldsey) and Others.—As you find it impossible to live on your present pension, you should see the Secretary of the local War Pensions Committee, and fill in the form P.1 for the purpose of obtaining a supplementary allowance.

Mrs. W. H. (Stadwell).—I sent your case forward, and understand that your pension will be increased immediately.

J. H. R. (Hunt) and Others.—I forwarded the matter to the Superintendent of the Pensions Issue Office, Baker Street, who is investigating it.

"Tommy" (Tadton) and Others.—You can only wait and see, as nothing definite appears to have been settled. The new scheme has now been launched, and we shall know in a week or two how it shapes.

"Survived and Disabled" (Sydenham) and Others.—The Pensions Minister is up against pensions being granted to men who have joined and broken down owing to aggravation of physical defects from which they suffered on enlistment. Possibly, however, he will be over-ruled by Parliament, and I have hopes that in every case where a man has been incapacitated whilst on home service a pension or gratuity will, later on, be granted.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to sudden inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

An ex-soldier, after doing good service at the Front, lost his sailor boy two months ago, when a ship was mined. His remaining son, who was discharged from the Army, lay dead in hospital, and the father had no means of burying him. We provided him with the necessary funds.

A soldier was allowed home from the Front to bury his wife, who had left behind five children. He was in credit with his regiment to the amount of £2 only, and wished to save his old helpmeet from a pauper's grave. We prevented this disgrace being inflicted upon him.

An ex-soldier is now in civil life, suffering from shell shock, and unable to follow any occupation. He was discharged without pension, and has a wife and two children. In his distress he visited us and furnished proofs, upon which we acted.

Another man discharged without pension is absolutely unfitted for work. His wife and one child are now in the infirmary. Before he came to us he was homeless, and with his remaining youngster of tender years slept on a railway platform. He had made up his mind to end the miseries of himself and the child, when he was advised to come to Long Acre. We looked into his case, and he is now a happier man.

A soldier's wife had her only child lying dead. It was not insured, and was in danger of being buried by the ratepayers. The father is fighting in France, and could not get leave to come home. Here again we saved a hero's dead child from a pauper's funeral.

A widow had her son taken from her, and he is now soldiering in France. He kept the home before enlistment, and now his mother has only 5s. 9d. a week from the Government. Her other child is at home ill, and the poor woman consequently got into debt and was summoned to the County Court. We straightened matters out for her.

A gunner from the Front is lying ill in a London hospital. His recovery was retarded by mental anxiety on account of the destitute condition of his wife and child at home, the youngster being ill and the wife in debt. We immediately came to the rescue, and the man's mind is now at ease.

Our seamen are among the best supporters of the Fund, and we are always glad to come at once to the assistance of a blue-jacket's dependent who is in trouble. During the week we had three applications of an urgent character, which we promptly took in hand. In one case, an uninsured child had died, and his father, who was in the North

Sea, wrote for assistance. We saw that the little one got decent burial, and that its mother was also helped.

During the week we repelled over 40 attacks on our Fund by frauds and professional begging-letter writers. Will those who may be tempted to follow their example save themselves—and us—trouble? We would also remind old soldiers who are workshy that the presentation of a discharge paper is not sufficient to coax money out of the Fund. Those who deserve badges "for services rendered" obtain them through the War Office!

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"The Son of an Indian V.O." 10s.; W. H. P. 6d.; O. A. 2s. 6d.; A. B. 2s.; Miss L. B. 5s.; "A Well-Wisher of our Soldiers" 1s.; "Minesweeper" 2s.; "Minesweeper's Sister" 1s. 1d.; M. P. 2s.; (Acton) 1s. 6d.; Mrs. I. M. J. 1s. 6d.; "Well-wisher" 2s.; W. T. B. 2s. 6d.; J. J. 1s.; "1885's Memory of Pen." 2s.; M. O. 2s.; E. 1s.; "Girl" 1s.; J. H. D. 1s. 6d.; B. B. 6d.; T. J. (Nakum) 1s. 6d.; Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplanes Works (Bastoburgh) 2s.; "A Brixton Widow's Mite" 1s.; A. A. B. 2s.; Lt. M. K. 5s.; H. A. 1s.; Gr. S. J. G. 1s. 10d.; "Ivy-Mary" 2s.; Pte. J. H. D. 1s.; O. B. 2s.; Mrs. T. H. 2s.; "A Reader" 2s. 6d.; B. S. B. 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver" 2s.; "1872" 1s.; G. K. 6d.; T. J. (Brighton) 1s.; A. D. 6d.; "Sewers in France" 6d.; N. D. 6d.; W. A. (Bunce) 2s.; H. H. 6d.; J. B. (France) 2s.; W. B. 2s.; B. H. Q. 2s.; Mrs. V. G. B. 2s.; E. A. (Glasgow) 2s.; F. O. parcel.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—The Manservant, Charing Cross Hotel, W.O. 2s. 10d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, 2s. 7d.; Messrs. Mason, Ratcliff and Stone, 3 and 5, Gravel Lane, Hamstead, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. W. Howard, "Coach and Horses," Bruton Street, W. 2s. 10d.

The WRIGLEY bombardment



A Call for More!

A special War correspondent in his graphic description of the Ancre Battle ground says:

-That Chewing Gum is one of the essential features of this War.

This extract is well supported when we consider that millions of packets of Wrigley's Chewing Gum have been supplied to the members of His Majesty's Forces.

Extract from the "British Medical Journal," March 10th:

"As has been found with the dirty, dry tongue of typhoid, CHEWING GUM was most valuable to sweeten the mouth, clean the tongue, and allay thirst."

SEND TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIENDS.

Your Soldier friends look to you for a supply of Wrigley's. It is one of their greatest comforts in this great War—it drives away fatigue, aids digestion, keeps the teeth in fine condition, and above all allays thirst.

ENCLOSE A PACKET IN EVERY LETTER YOU SEND TO YOUR SOLDIER BOY.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens, and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Company, Limited).

WRIGLEY'S, LTD., LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

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CYCLE TYRES

NO MANUFACTURER should be ashamed to put his name behind his product. If he is, he shouldn't be allowed to manufacture it at all.



PERICLES
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Shakespeare

Pericles cycle tyres are made by the Dunlop Rubber Company, who are determined that purchasers of inexpensive tyres shall obtain the utmost value that the enormous manufacturing resources of the Dunlop Rubber Company make possible.

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IN ALL STANDARD SIZES
OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

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Gibbs's Dentifrice



Make it a habit

Use Gibbs' Dentifrice each morning and evening! This is the habit that ensures your teeth being kept beautifully white, polished, and free from decay; and your mouth having that delightfully refreshed "clean" feeling characteristic of Gibbs'.

Price 6d. and 1s. of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES

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D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 13M), Cold Cream Soap Works, LONDON, E.C.4.
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Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit
and Ink Stains from Clothing,
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Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way.
A thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the yellow tinge from
fine linen.

From Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tubes.
If you cannot obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to

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"BLISS!!"

If you have never yet used McClinton's
Shaving Cream, you may think this illustration
somewhat "far-fetched." If you have, you
know that nothing can mitigate against the
cool refreshing delight of a shave with this
Britain's premier shaving preparation.

If nothing but the best is good enough for you, use
McClinton's Shaving Cream. You will not then
ever be tempted to try another firm's preparations.
Your experience will tell you that in McClinton's
Shaving Cream you have found the ideal preparation,
which quickly softens the beard and leaves the Skin
comfortable. Its exceptionally rich, creamy emul-
sion and non-drying lather renders it indispensable
for the man who shaves with cold water.

Be wise when next you want Shaving tackle.
Insist on getting

**McCLINTON'S
Shaving Cream**
In Tubes, 6d. & 1s. Opal Pots, 1s.

McClinton's Shaving Soap is also
obtainable in Sticks. Hibernia 1/-,
and Exquisite 6d. each.

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Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone.



**Close Shave Series.
No. 5.**



Baby Sleeps Well

Mothers do not always realise
how largely teething troubles and
those vexatious periods of irrita-
bility that rob baby of sound,
refreshing sleep are due to
faulty dieting.

Frame Food is the best food for grow-
ing babies, because, being a complete
food, it nourishes and strengthens the
whole system and supplies in easily
assimilated form the natural phos-
phates of wheat so essential to
making sound teeth.

Frame Food Babies are healthy
babies. They secure the advantage
that comes by regular and restful
sleep and enjoy a buoyancy of spirits
that makes them doubly lovable.

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on a bicycle you know that one
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[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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"ADELINA" (Streatham).—The boys at the Front would not like us to start ringing the joybells yet, even after Bapaume and Peronne. Not being Germhuns, when we ring the bells we shall ring them to celebrate a victorious peace.

H. J. (Burton-on-Trent).—"Men are killed for speaking or writing the truth." Yet we are a pretty lively corpse.

E. F. (Richmond).—Our opinion is that the farmer and the middleman are doing very well making fortunes out of potatoes, and that retailers would like to.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Kirkcudbright).—You point out that both the names of Haig and Hindenburg begin with an "H" and end with a "G," while that of General Nivelle is like that of Neville Chamberlain except for a bit of a mix-up in the vowels—all of which proves conclusively, of course, that we ought to have won the war last August.

"GERMANCHESTER."—Somebody seems trying to jockey Haldane back into public notice, but he would be wiser to keep out of the limelight.

"AGED INMATES" (St. Pancras Workhouse).—Surely it is difficult to cut down a workhouse diet much lower, even for economy's sake. Any way, the old folk should not suffer.

E. LE B. S. (Quorn).—The uninterred Germans will certainly not voluntarily ration themselves. Quite the other way.

R. J. (Liverpool).—You are right—there is no "hidden hand" about us. We only hide as much of our anatomy as decency demands.

F. E. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—The irate customer in the barber's shop was scarcely justified in asking "What the — does Bottomley know about 'taters?" for we remember quite well what they looked like in the old days, when they were common objects on the country-side.

"A SUFFERER ABROAD" (France).—To "end the war as soon as possible," you suggest "a bombardment of gas-shells for a period of 9 days, on as many fronts as possible at the same time." Suppose the Boche retreated a mile or so after 9 minutes of it?

K. S. (Essex).—"Your journal is much looked for." True, but it's never far to seek.

"A READER."—"Is it impossible to make a submarine with windows in them, so as our men could see the enemy; and doors?" And doorsteps, and scrapers, and chimneys? Just you wait a bit; this is the age of invention.

B. J. W. (R.N. Barracks).—We are grateful for your lyrical expression of affection for ourself; but as you say "By earth, heaven, sun, moon, star, and cloud above!" our modesty (perhaps our most notable asset) forbids us to print it.

R. R. M. (Cosham).—Ordinary fares for munition workers on leave at Easter? Yes, a desirable thing.

G. B. (Ipswich).—"At our Hippodrome a conjurer does a trick, employing in it a cover of JOHN BULL, remarking it is the only paper you can depend on." A name to conjure with.

J. T. (Torquay).—Without question, new recruits of delicate constitution are often trained and housed with scant regard to their health.

"PALMERSTON" (Glasgow).—"Is it possible for an illegitimate son to be born before his own father and to marry his own mother?" Inquire at Colney Hatch.

"NELLIE BLY" (Putney).—"Cannot say why your 'fine big postman' isn't in the Army. Perhaps with his clothes off he isn't as fine as he looks.

Mrs. A. G. (Islington).—When a laundry imposes on you by excessive extra charges, give them a long rest. Buckle to, and have a wash at home. Don't be proud.

V. C. R. (Bournemouth).—Not a soul believes the statement, made by a prisoner on trial, that all school teachers habitually use foul language.

"A WOUNDED TOMMY" (York).—Though the world is round—despite some calling it flat—Shakespeare was justified by poetic licence in challenging its "three corners." A later poet expressed the same idea in "Let 'em All Come!"

"LATHERS" (Greenwich, S.E.10).—Surely you will allow our Barber an occasional brief vacation? A periodical rest improves his temper, as it does that of his razors.

"A BRITISH SOLDIER."—You are justly indignant at the proposal to rob Tommy of his tobacco. Meanness of spirit is a much more "terrible evil" than any that cigarette smoking can produce.

"PROFITEERING."—"After paying Excess Profits Duty, etc., a firm of paper makers, of Snodland, Kent, show a net profit of £36,501, against £20,520 for year previous." We know now why our paper costs us more.

W. H. (Birmingham).—If the public-houses were closed and off-licences alone permitted, the only result would be to encourage secret soaking. Meanwhile, ours is a peppermint.

Miss E. J. T. (Taunton).—Your chaste dramatic effort is scarcely up to publication standard. Try again, dearie.

J. E. (Hounslow).—"A woman in power is arrogant, and if she gets a chance to browbeat her own sex she will do so." Obviously, you don't love the ladies.

E. G. (Woodville).—We think Hansen and Gibb had now better make the only remaining sensible use of the three bales of paper they appear to have vainly been trying to dispose of for months and months and months.

"DEICHMANN" (London).—Don't lie. You are not a Germhun, as you pretend to be. You are, however, a skunk—and that is the same breed.

Mrs. G. H. (Derham), commenting on an article in a Manchester paper on flappers, says that the authoress "must be fond of being out in the dark, or she would not be after seeing what innocent girls are doing." Can't say what the lady is fond of.

"A VICTIM."—It is instructive to note that in his portrait printed in his pamphlet, "The Indian's Secret of Perfect Hair Growth," John Hart Brittain, the exploiter of the "Indian Hair Elixir," appears as bald as a baby's bare arm.

H. H. (Market Harborough).—We are not prepared to say, on the spur of the moment, whether corset-making should be considered "work of national importance." On such a ticklish question we must have expert advice.

J. B. (Margate).—"The widow's joy, the flapper's hope." You must mean the knut.

"FAITHFUL" (Liverpool).—Should you meet us walking, "you would be strongly tempted to pull our coat tail." We hope you would not tread on it.

CLXIX (Rotherham).—"You need not 'beseech' us not to 'disclose your identity.' Our golden silence is a gilt-edged security.

LOST.—Probably between Covent Garden and West Kensington, small watch-chain pendant, in shape of stone foot with gold mount. Finder rewarded on returning to E. W., care of this Office.

A. K. (Canonbury).—"To place men who volunteer for National Service, why not publish a list of men (and occupations) available, for employers to engage them?" Much too simple. Put the names in a book and shut it. That's the official way.

W. B. (H.M.S. —).—Afraid we are not sufficiently nautical to pronounce upon the merits of your invention. Try us with something drier.

R. T. W. (Glam.).—"Am I justified in accepting a situation as a commercial traveller after having been rejected six times for military service?" It would be a bit risky even if you'd been rejected 66 times, but we should chance it.

"JUSTICE FOR TOMMY" (Littlehampton).—The Worthing parson who vilely slandered our brave lads in the battle of Loos, by stating that after the rum tot they were too drunk to follow up their initial advantage, must be one of those contemptible windbags who bring discredit upon all denominations. You should have challenged the cur.

R. W. H. (Pall Mall).—"The German Government sent many attractive women as spies to this country." Take out the word "attractive," and the rest may stand. There was never yet a German frau like that.

A. K. (Winchester).—What's the matter with your handwriting? Seems to have got the ditherams. Try a JOHN BULL Pen.

A. J. C. (Wandsworth Road, S.W.).—But why on earth did you break bounds for the sake of getting your hair cut? Sure it wasn't to get your mouth rinsed?

E. W. (Brighton).—"I was called off suddenly and put this letter with others already stamped and forgot the stamp." Writing this explanation should have reminded you to remember.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

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Please reserve for me weekly, until further notice, a copy of "JOHN BULL."

Signature Date 1917.

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£2:10

25
PRIZES OF
10/-

1,000
PRIZES OF
2/6

2,000
SPECIAL
'TARGET'
PRIZES

2,000
OTHER
HANDSOME
PRIZES

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12th.

Example Bullet _____

Example Bullet _____

(232) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 232, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12th.

Example Bullet _____

Example Bullet _____

(232) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12th.

Example Bullet _____

Example Bullet _____

(232) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 233. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, APRIL 19th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 233 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 233, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 233.

**CONTINUING THE PUSH
AMAZING RUMOUR
SPENDING TOO MUCH
PRETTY WISE
ON THE HONEYMOON**

**MOST CURIOUS
WIFE'S RELATIONS
IN FULL FLIGHT
KNOWING DOG
LAST KISS**

**THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME
WHEN FATHER DIGS
SHILLING LOAF
PEACE WITH HONOUR
HIGH LIVING**

**A DARING DEED
GROWING CORN
HOARDING FOOD
SILLY BILLY
WHEN KAISER PRAYS**

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two at-

tempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to **JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.**

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on

each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, No. 232.

AMERICA'S TASK
GERMANY'S NEW LINE
EVERYBODY KNOWS
THE IRISH QUESTION
HIGH EXPLOSIVES
EXPECTING AN ADVANCE
ALL WRONG
EATING HIS WORDS
GETTING BITTER
MISSING THE POST
TOMMY'S MASCOT
SERIOUS WARNING
TELLING ANOTHER
NOW'S THE TIME
FEELING BAD
SWALLOWS EVERYTHING
KEEPING HOME TOGETHER
FATHER'S BEER
FEW LIKE HER
JUST ENOUGH
MOVING HIS AUDIENCE
ALL AT SEA
RUNNING RIOT
BEFORE THE WEDDING
ONE THING NEEDFUL
TELEPHONE GIRL
LEARNING HIS LESSON
OUR GREENGROVER
DEBT OF HONOUR
FINISHING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—
Example:—LEARNING HIS LESSON
Bullet:—FRITZ FROM OUR TOMMIES.

Example:—RUNNING RIOT.
Bullet:—OLD GANG WAS.

Example:—JUST ENOUGH.
Bullet:—Two Courses.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 28th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN's dated April 7th.

**RESULT OF "BULLETS" £1,000
EASTER OFFER (COMPETITION
No. 230) APPEARS ON OPPOSITE
PAGE.**

Complete list of all Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

Result of 229th 'Pullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. F. R. GEORGE,
66, Stamford Street,
Fratton, Portsmouth.

Example:—MY WIFE.
Bulet:—"WOULDN'T BE" WITHOUT MR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. JACK SPICER,
19, Gladstone Road,
Maldstone, Kent.

Example:—WHEN WAR WILL END.
Bulet:—"EVERYBODY'S THOUGHTS IN
"CONFLICT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. F. WHITE,
68, Moor Crescent Road, Leeds.

Example:—WHEN FATHER'S PAID.
Bulet:—"HE'S 'ABOVE WATER' AGAIN."

TEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mr. C. C. MANN, Frinton-on-Sea:
HONEYMOON COUPLE—"EVERYBODY KNOWS" THEIR
TROUBLE.

Mrs. A. J. CONWAY, Sand St., Milverton, near Taunton:
THE KAISER DOUBTS—HENCE HIS "FEARFUL"
LANGUAGE.

Mr. J. THOMAS, 107, Vincent St., Westminster, London:
IN THE DANGER ZONE—HOLDING NAILS FOR FATHER.

Mr. C. H. KITCHING, 633, Foleshill Rd., Sheffield:
THROUGH THE KEYHOLE—BOTH SIDES ON KNEES.

Mrs. WAKE, 14, Bellerby Terrace, West Hartlepool:
IN THE DANGER ZONE—HUNS WITH SHORTEST LEGS.

Mr. GEO. BROWN, 101, Beechwood Drive, Jordanhill,
Glasgow:
SPANNING BOY—"SITTING" SUSPENDED, "AMEND-
MENT" PROMISED.

Mr. D. OWEN, 26, Wilson Wood St., Batley, Yorks:
FOOT HOGS—SCANDALOUS SUCH "THINGS"
"OBTAIN."

Mrs. J. J. TROTTER, 40, Summerplace, Leith:
THE GERMAN PEOPLE—NOT "ABOVE" SINGING
HYMNS.

Mr. G. E. SUTTON, Sen., 15, City Rd., Bradford:
WHEN BIG PUSH STARTS—NO "OFFICIAL HAND-
CAPPER" WANTED.

Mr. H. R. WINKLE, 27, Prospect Rd., Cadishead, near
Manchester:
THE GERMAN PEOPLE—SWIFLY "BURYING" THEIR
"PRIDE."

TEN PRIZES OF
£2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. A. BAIN, 6, Bowery
Avenue, Cheadle Hulme,
near Stockport:
THE GERMAN PEOPLE—
STILL "GOING TO
SMASH."

(Sent in on a Free "Target
Prize Coupon")

Mrs. H. LYONS, Klondyke
Picture-drome, The De-
mesne, Hollywood, via
Naas, Ireland.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE—
"BEATING" HAS NOT
"REFINED"

Mrs. C. CLARKE, 3, Audrey
Rd., Hford, Essex:
THE GERMAN PEOPLE—
"WASTING" DESPITE
FOOD LAWS.

223767 Sapper A. F. MACLEAN,
Chatham:
PRICE OF BEER—BREWERS
"ADVANCE" EVERY EX-
CUSE.

Mr. A. HARPER, 93, Kingston
Rd., Birmingham:
MY WIFE—THINKS WORRY
"PRETTY GENERAL"

Miss I. OSBORN, 8, Tredown
Rd., Sydenham, London
IN THE DANGER ZONE—
BLACK SHEEP DIES
WHITE.

Mr. E. B. BRADSHAW, Stirling
House, 50 Farnborough,
Hants:
A) THE WAR OFFICE—NO
"ACCOUNTING" FOR
WASTE.

Mr. J. A. HAYWARD, 66, East
St., Bury, Lancs:
AT THE WAR OFFICE—
OFFICIALS DUTIES SEEM
"TRIFLING."

Mrs. A. COLEBROOKE, 1, Twyn
College Rd., Newbridge,
Newport, Mon.:
MOST TANTALISING WHEN
—FOOD SAYS "WRONG
WAY"

Mr. H. KING, 21, Holland St.,
Ebbw Vale, Mon.:
GERMANY'S WEAKNESS—
RETREATING LEAVING
"TRAPS" BEHIND.

ASTHMA FOR
20 YEARS

Mr. Blatchford,
Durham.

Cured Completely by Veno's

HERE is a case that shows what a blessing is Veno's
Lightning Cough Cure to those who suffer from that
terrible complaint—asthma.

Mr. William Blatchford, 22, Swinburn Terrace,
Dipton, Co. Durham, suffered for twenty years from
asthma. He says:—"I cannot praise Veno's enough
for what it has done for me. I could hardly get my
breath sometimes, and often I dared not go to bed for
fear of suffocating, and even to walk out into the open
air used to choke me up. But now I enjoy the best
of health, and it is all through Veno's. Nothing but
Veno's cured me."

A SIXPENNY
BOOK FREE.

Write now for the "Veno Book of Health," containing
valuable information which no sufferer should be without.
Address: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and surest remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS,
LUNG TROUBLES,
NASAL CATARRH,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA.

11¹/₂d.

A Bottle.

DIFFICULT BREATHING,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
BLOOD-SPITTING,
HOARSENESS,
INFLUENZA.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 1/2. The 1/2 size is the most economical. Of
Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading
Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.
Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover
a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of
such numbers will be drawn and published in
the following issue:

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL
of specified dates, bearing on the cover any of
such numbers, we will, upon production within
seven days of publication,
and will be allowed to foreign and Colonial
claimants of a sufficient portion of the cover to
identify the date and number, pay the sum of
ONE GUINEA in full for the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
HERBERT J. LOVELL, "The Elms," Kersbrook
Road, Budeigh, Salterton, Devon March 24th.
800,414.

Mrs. ALICE GARNETT, 26, Ormsdon-street,
West Hartlepool, March 10th A024053.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT, 79, Denton's Green Lane, St.
Helens, Lancs March 10th 956,628.

LEONARD BANKS, 2, Loxford Avenue, East Ham,
E.C.6 March 10 922,051.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue
of March 31st:—

692,656	327,685	632,658	916,610	A269,552
693,424	342,822	675,017	958,271	A284,073
125,408	378,541	681,260	996,024	A335,405
154,136	416,040	700,136	A031,995	A370,458
163,941	434,909	743,816	A065,128	A425,232
197,366	459,688	766,293	A072,380	A451,691
210,254	480,573	794,854	A139,942	A493,890
245,553	523,034	825,226	A149,714	A526,167
261,301	567,506	847,004	A192,346	A543,369
285,243	592,875	889,117	A210,584	A552,644

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be
announced in our next issue (published April 11th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for
March 31, 1917, bearing on the Covers
the Numbers 478,126 and A072,314. Any
person possessing either of these copies
will be paid £5 upon applying to THE
MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG
ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance
against ZEPPELINS or other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT,
INVASION, RAID, RIOT OR CIVIL COMMOION, CIVIL WAR, RE-
VOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to
life, limb and home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective
of sex or age, on a separate coupon must be filled in for each
person. Remember, the Ordinary life and accident Policies
afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not
bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin."
We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally
sign the coupon, or to the person nominated, and to
no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of
your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you
permanently insured during such period as this Insurance
Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.
Readers may, however obtain all the advantages by sending
in every week the Registration Coupon with claim (a)
struck out, which will be available for seven days after its
receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of
the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may
be required by the Ed. Tor, whose decision shall be final in
all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be con-
fined to one of the contents, can be entertained in respect of
any one person or home, the address of which must be
registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total pay-
ments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect
of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject
to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against

any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a propor-
tionate amount of the total admitted claim.
Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born
subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles
—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or
Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of
His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home
of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may
be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or
child) who, whilst on land and in the
British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days
of receiving injury from any of the events
named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of
the simple conditions set out below, pay
the sum of

£200

Should he, or she, in the course of any of
these happenings, become permanently
totally disabled

£100

Should his, or her, home become directly
damaged (whether it be private residence or
residence in connection with a shop) or
should the contents be damaged, not ex-
ceeding

£350

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuild-
ing of damaged home, up to

£25

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal,
but incapacitating the injured person from
following his or her usual employment for
more than three days, up to

£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM

WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader
of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon
and hand it to our newsagent, and you will be insured
for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each
issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in
force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further
notice

Signed.....

April 7th, 1917.....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured
must fill up a separate form

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must
fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be
found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance
Dept., 13, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name
and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded with an
acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
THE INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly
supply of JOHN BULL with

This is to

notify that I

have this

day

(Strike out one of these.)

April 7th, 1917

and desire you to register me as a regular
subscriber under the terms of your Insur-
ance Scheme, OR

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated

as under, and desire to be insured against

war risks for one week from the date of

receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land

within the British Isles, or of my home or the contents

being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any pay-
ment due under this insurance, and myself or in the
event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....



The Strength Giver

HALL'S WINE will make you feel better and stronger. Its wonderful effects will be felt with the first dose, and the energy, strength and vigour that it gives *lasts*.

To the worried or overworked, Hall's Wine is a marvellous means of gaining health, vitality, and strength, and is a wonderful safeguard against those ailments which attack the weak or "worn-out." Our statements are proved by the letters on our file. "It is impossible," writes a doctor, "to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we will refund outlay.

Price 3/9 Large Bottle.

Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers, and Chemists Proprietors — STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW. 603

LIPTON'S



Liptons own thousands of acres of some of the finest Tea plantations in the world, the possession of which just give Liptons that advantage over others, enabling them to give better quality, better selection and better value.

If you want the best tea, go to the firm that grows it.



If you want rich, mature, leafy tea, Lipton's is the best. *It always has been, and is so still.*

If you want small tea, Lipton's is the best. *It always has been, and is so still.*

LIPTON, Ltd.,

Tea Planters, CEYLON.

Head Office:
CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Branches & Agencies
throughout the United Kingdom.

Spinet

Super Quality

CIGARETTES

Fine Old Virginia
Cork Tipped Ovals

1/- per tin of 20



Of all Stores
and Tobacconists

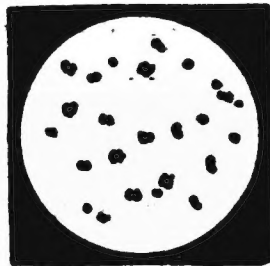
The Restricted Importation of HAVANA CIGARS

THE restricted importation of Havana Cigars has already resulted in increased prices. Selfridge's, however, are still selling at their ordinary list prices and will continue to offer their customers the benefit of their present stocks until they are exhausted. Cigar smokers will at once realise the saving they will effect by taking immediate advantage of this announcement. *Cigar List on application.*

SELFRIDGE'S

Tobacco Department.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., Oxford Street, W. 1.



This is a photo-micrograph of the Microbes of Catarrh, of which myriads are to be met with every day. Scientists have recommended as a useful preventive the use of

EVANS' Pastilles

Warning.—See the raised bar. Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each pastille.



The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of Catarrh, Influenza, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores **1/3 per tin.** If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. 1/3 to the Proprietors for a box—Post Free. **EVANS' SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.** 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool. Also at London and New York.